

# THE XX<sup>th</sup> CENTURY

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## PACIFIC STRATEGY

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*Every student of Pacific affairs has a shelf of books as well as files of clippings dealing with the question of war in the Pacific, a theme on which authors have been writing for the past forty years. Whether these books and articles were fanciful or profound—today they are all obsolete. The events of the last few weeks have completely upset the premises on which they were built.*

*The purpose of the following pages is to attempt a survey of the Pacific situation and strategy of today. In view of the secrecy with which all nations surround their military and naval affairs, this article cannot claim completeness, but with advice and material from a number of excellent experts it tries to come as close to realities as circumstances permit.*

### REMEMBER MAGELLAN

The fundamental fact about Pacific strategy is the Pacific's enormous breadth.

On the first crossing of the Pacific, made by Magellan more than four hundred years ago, his starved, parched, scurvy-ridden sailors thought he was mad, when week after week, month after month went by without a glimpse of land—except for a few bare atolls—in spite of a smooth passage. Only an iron will and stubborn faith such as this extraordinary fanatic possessed could keep the crew under control during that terrible journey of a hundred days, between the straits—later named after him—at the southern tip of South America and the island of Guam.

Since the days of Magellan the ocean-crossing ships have become much faster; at the same time they have also become far more dependent on their points of supply. The transoceanic winds in the Pacific are on the whole quite reliable, so that, in the days of sailing boats, a frigate could continue to travel or fight as long as there was powder and ball left and something to eat and drink on board. Nowadays, however, warlike actions are dependent

everywhere on bases. No coal or oil-burning ship could have carried out the achievements, for instance, of Count Luckner's sailing vessel *Seeadler* in the Pacific during the Great War.

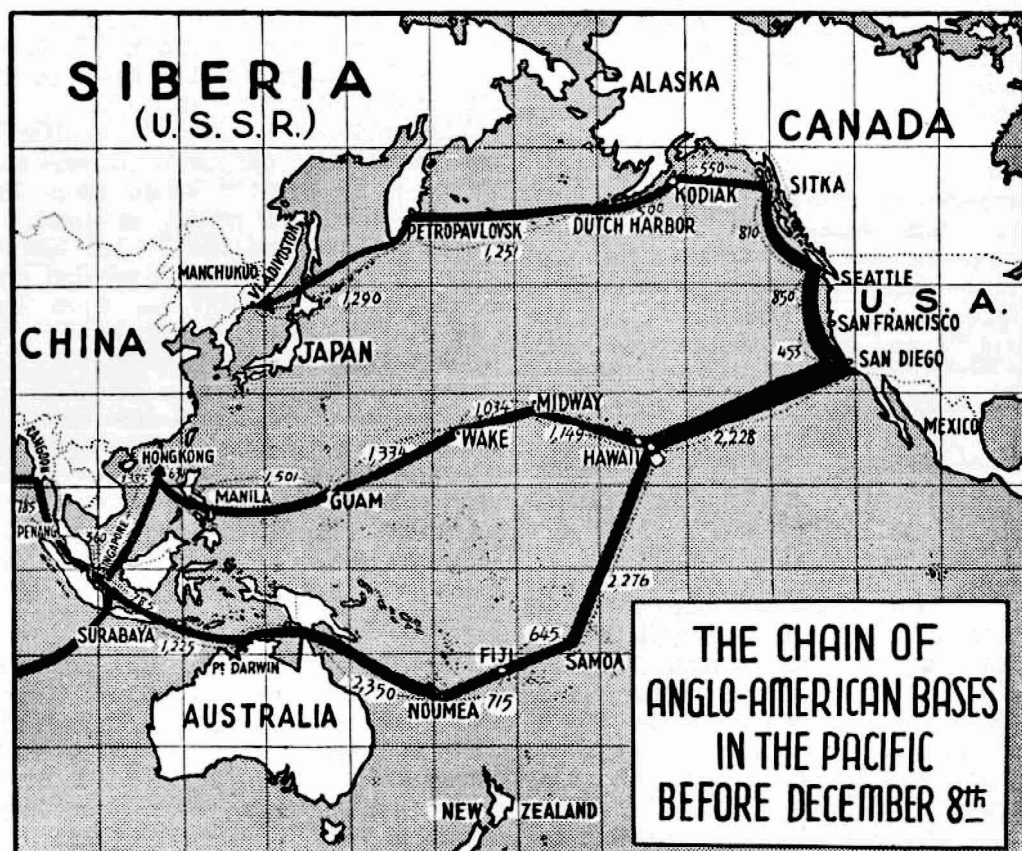
The greater the space, the greater is the importance of naval bases, and there is no greater space than the Pacific. England was the first to recognize this, and the United States was an apt pupil. The possession and development of naval bases in the Pacific area and especially in its western half placed the two Anglo-Saxon powers in a strong position, and any examination of Pacific strategy must begin with a study of the distribution of existing bases. The destruction of the Tsar's fleet at Tsushima in the war with Japan demonstrated what happens to a fleet that has traveled a long distance without bases.

### THE FOUR CHAINS

Map I shows how, up till the end of 1941, four chains of bases connected the United States and the British Empire with the Far East. Three things become apparent at a glance: first, that there are huge distances involved here (American northern chain, San Diego to Vladivostok, 5,704 naut. miles; American

central chain, San Diego to Hongkong, 7,877 naut. miles; American southern chain, San Diego to Singapore, 10,224 naut. miles; British chain, Rangoon to Hongkong, 2,530 naut. miles); secondly, that there are two main pivots in these chains, Hawaii and Singapore; and thirdly, that two of the chains, the British and the American central chain, considerably exceed the other two in importance. The northern and southern American chains have been very much neglected by the United States up to most recent times. For instance, the development of Rose Island and Tutuila (both in the Samoan archipelago) and the construction of a number of air bases in Alaska and on the Aleutians were decided on as late as at the end of 1940 and the beginning of 1941.

Quite aside from their meager development, both the northern and the southern chains have disadvantages. The northern one that of climate: the North Pacific and the Bering Sea are amongst the most difficult areas for naval and aerial navigation. Here, where the cold currents of the Arctic Ocean meet the warm currents of the Pacific, fog and storms—the latter often accompanied by snow and ice—occur very frequently, and the climatic laws are still relatively unknown. The difficulties of the southern chain are inherent in its length, for the distance from San Diego to Hongkong via Hawaii, Port Darwin, and Singapore is almost 12,000 nautical miles. This is more than ten times the distance from Shanghai to Manila. Moreover the entire chain from Hawaii on passes



Map I



dangerously near Japanese bases in the Mandated Islands and in southeastern Asia.

### THE CHANGED PACIFIC

A glance at Map II shows the tremendous changes wrought by the first few weeks of the Pacific war in the aspect of the Pacific bases:

(1) The two strongest chains have been deprived of their most important parts, Hawaii—Hongkong (5,649 miles) and Penang—Singapore—Hongkong (1,735 miles), the latter through the Japanese occupation of Penang and Malacca. The fact that America still possesses Midway, heavily damaged by Japan, is of minor significance, as Midway—a coral reef and two tiny islands—was only important as a steppingstone for the air service Hawaii—Wake, but is of no intrinsic value.

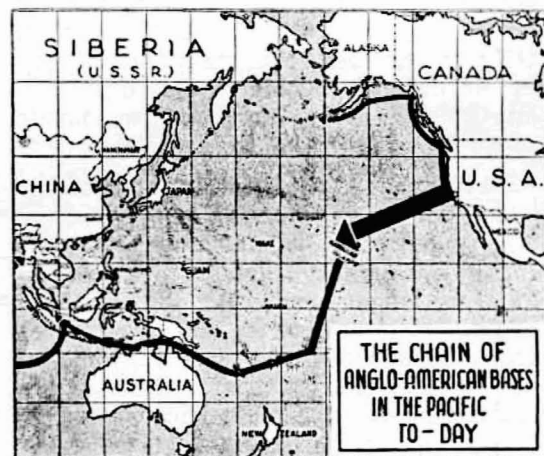
(2) The war has been carried right up to the two pivots. Pearl Harbor as well as Singapore are within the range of Japanese bombers. The only major Allied base in the southwestern Pacific not yet under fire is Surabaya. This port has been developed with feverish haste during the past year but it still lacks many of the facilities of Singapore.

(3) The neutrality of the Soviet Union in the Pacific, probably most unwelcome to the Anglo-Saxon powers, has shortened the northern chain by eliminating the portion Dutch Harbor—Vladivostok (2,541 naut. miles).

(4) The trunk line California—Hawaii as well as the southern links between Hawaii and Singapore have been considerably weakened by the loss of the line Hawaii—Hongkong. This is shown by the losses suffered by American shipping in the Eastern Pacific, the sinking of the aircraft tender *Langley* on January 8 in the waters south of Johnston Island, and the torpedoing of the aircraft carrier *Lexington* on January 12 west of Hawaii. It is probable that the recent Japanese bombings of the steppingstones Ocean, Johnston, Howland, Baker, and Garner Islands as well as those of islands in

the Samoan, Gilbert, and Phoenix archipelagoes and the Japanese occupation of Rabaul have made it impossible for the United States to send any aircraft to the southwestern Pacific war areas, and even difficult to send ships from Hawaii to Australia.

How was this radical change in the strategic situation possible within a few weeks? The world has observed with amazement how Japan has, with almost mathematical exactness, smashed link after link of these menacing chains. In an article in our last issue, *72 Hours Which Shook The World*, we showed in detail how the first blows were directed at the pivot and the



Map II

intermediate links of the central and most dangerous chain, after which its westernmost part, the Philippines, fell like a ripe fruit into the hands of Japan; and how at the same time the destructive blows against the battle-ships stationed at the second pivot, Singapore, and against the Malayan hinterland broke the British chain and thus made the fall of Hongkong inevitable.

### COMPARING THE BASES

All study on Pacific strategy made from now on must reckon with the new aspect shown by Map III. This map contains all major bases of the two belligerent camps, as far as they are commonly known.

The main difference between the Japanese bases and those of her op-

ponents is immediately apparent. The Japanese bases are all close together. Japan, therefore, has the advantages of concentration and short lines of inter-communication. Her bases can serve two purposes at the same time: that of endangering the long-drawn-out lines of communication of her opponents, and that of protecting the center of her own strength, the Japanese Islands. Japan developed this system of bases with painstaking foresight, bit by bit, over a period of decades. She began with the occupation of Formosa and the Pescadores in 1895, and continued it systematically up to the acquisition of the Pratas and Spratley Islands, of Hainan and Cam Ranh Bay, shortly before the outbreak of the Pacific war. Only to the east is there a serious gap in the defense system of Japan proper, but only because there are no islands at all in this part of the Pacific.

In contrast to this, the network of the bases belonging to Japan's opponents is widely drawn out, and its chief centers—California, Hawaii, Singapore—are no longer protected by advance bases. It is characteristic of the care-free attitude of America that some of her outstanding aircraft plants were located right on the Pacific coast.

This difference in the strategic positions of Japan and her opponents becomes especially clear if one draws circles with a radius of 500 nautical miles around the bases of both sides. 500 miles is generally considered to be the effective radius of a naval base. Of course, single fleet units can also operate over much greater distances; but in larger units they can only be effective—if there is a serious opponent in the vicinity—as long as they do not move more than 500 miles away from their nearest base. In the case of Japan, such 500-mile circles would overlap, while in the case of her opponents they would be far apart.

#### DE-GLAMORIZING THE PANAMA CANAL

One of the most costly constructions in the history of man, the Panama

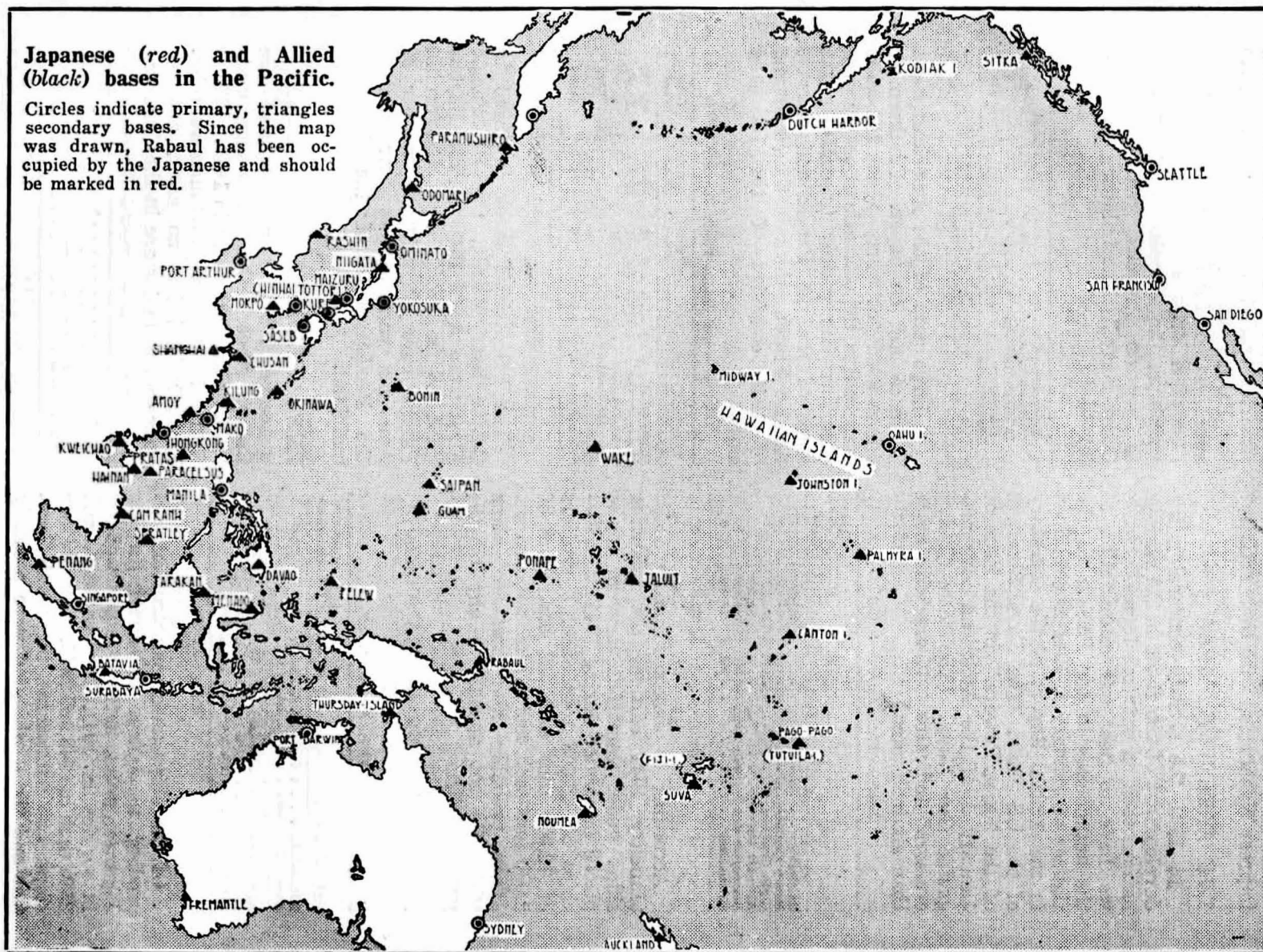
Canal, in the defense of which untold millions of US dollars have been invested, has lost, it seems to us, much of its former importance. Before the present war, press and literature were full of stories and pictures about the significance of this "life line" of America. The idea was that, if war should break out in the Pacific, the United States must be able to transfer ships of the Atlantic Fleet through the Canal as quickly as possible to the Pacific, and, if war should break out in the Atlantic, vice versa. But today there is war in both oceans. As matters stand, it is out of the question to send units of the Pacific Fleet to the Atlantic, for every ship and many more are needed right here. On the other hand it is not likely—even without Colonel Knox's statement to that effect—that Atlantic ships would be sent to the Pacific, for Britain, now more than ever, needs every assistance in the Battle of the Atlantic.

After seven weeks of war it almost appears as if everything would be exactly the same if there were no Panama Canal at all. Its main importance today lies in the commercial rather than in the strategic field, with ships transporting goods between the East and West Coast of the United States to relieve the congested railroad system. But in this respect too the canal's significance has fallen off. For all ships not absolutely necessary for the intercoastal run have been withdrawn and put into the trans-Atlantic service.

Another place whose strategic importance many are inclined to over-rate is the Strait of Magellan. According to the latest information (Domei, from Buenos Aires, January 12) Argentina, Chile, Paraguay, and Peru have reached an agreement for the joint fortification of the Strait. That is just like carefully bolting the small garden door and leaving the big gate wide open. Slightly further south of the Strait, around the Horn, there are hundreds of miles in which ships can pass between the Pacific and the Atlantic. Is the decision of the South

**Japanese (red) and Allied (black) bases in the Pacific.**

Circles indicate primary, triangles secondary bases. Since the map was drawn, Rabaul has been occupied by the Japanese and should be marked in red.



Map III



American countries just a gesture to impress Washington with their activity?

### THE FLEET OF JAPAN

In 1941 the secrecy concerning the development of the fleets in the various nations took on extreme forms. Hence we have to base our examination of the antagonists in the Pacific on the figures of January 1, 1941 as contained in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the US Navy, "The Naval Strength of the Major Powers," in the issue of January 1 of the American navy magazine *Our Navy*. (The term "heavy cruisers" indicates cruisers with more than six-inch guns.)

Japanese Fleet, January 1, 1941

	In Service	Tons	Under Construction
Battleships . . . . .	10	301,400	8
Heavy Cruisers . . . . .	17	151,490	0
Light Cruisers . . . . .	22	130,295	6
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	6	88,470	2
Destroyers and Torpedo Boats . . . . .	131	149,821	12
Submarines . . . . .	66	90,098	9
Total . . . . .	252	911,574	37

According to Jane's *Fighting Ships* (January 1941 edition) the following ships under construction were to be placed in service during 1941: 2 battleships of 40,000 tons each, 3 cruisers of 12,000 tons each, 12 destroyers of 2,000 tons each, and several submarines. Japan probably also possesses ships which do not appear in any of the published lists.

### AMERICA'S ONE OCEAN FLEET IN TWO OCEANS

US Fleet, January 1, 1941

	In Service	Under Construction
Battleships . . . . .	15	10
Heavy Cruisers . . . . .	18	4
Light Cruisers . . . . .	19	17
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	6	5
Destroyers . . . . .	197	61
Submarines . . . . .	101	41
Total . . . . .	356	138

Of the ships under construction, according to figures appearing in the Japanese press, 20% were to be placed in service in 1941, 30% in 1942, and 25% each in 1943 and 1944. Among other ships, two battleships, the *North Carolina* and the *Washington* were probably

completed in 1941. On the other hand America traded 50 overage destroyers for British bases. In 1941 Congress appropriated funds for the construction of a large number of additional warships, the completion of which is to provide America with a "Two Ocean Navy." The following units are involved:

Additional "Two Ocean Navy" Program

Battleships . . . . .	7
Cruisers . . . . .	27
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	8
Destroyers . . . . .	115
Submarines . . . . .	43
Total . . . . .	200

A large part of the American Fleet is hence still on paper. Furthermore Japan need not worry about the units attached to the Atlantic squadron and therefore has mainly to consider the ships of the US Pacific and the US Asiatic Fleets, which in the beginning of 1941 consisted of the following ships:

US Pacific and Asiatic Fleets, January 1, 1941

	Pacific Fleet	Asiatic Fleet	Total Tons
Battleships . . . . .	12	—	304,200
Heavy Cruisers . . . . .	10	1	101,800
Light Cruisers . . . . .	15	2	145,900
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	4	1	107,300
Destroyers . . . . .	70	13	175,525
Submarines . . . . .	35	24	48,200
Total . . . . .	187		882,925

The US Asiatic Fleet is based in Cavite near Manila, the US Pacific Fleet since April 1940 in Pearl Harbor (hitherto in San Diego, California). Furthermore an unknown number of American warships was distributed in the Pacific ports of the American mainland.

### THE BRITISH AND THE DUTCH

According to the Japanese press the British Fleet had the following units in the Far East early in 1941. (These figures include the Australian warships. New Zealand has no navy, and the Canadian warships are in the Atlantic.)

British Warships in Far Eastern Waters

Cruisers . . . . .	12
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	1
Destroyers . . . . .	18
Submarines . . . . .	10
Total . . . . .	41

Toward the end of 1941 reinforcements arrived in Singapore, among them the battleships *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*.

At the same time the Netherlands East Indies possessed the following warships for the prosecution of war in the Pacific:

NEI Warships in the Pacific, 1941

Cruisers . . . . .	3
Destroyers . . . . .	9
Submarines . . . . .	18
Total . . . . .	30

## AIR FORCES

On the subject of aircraft, so important to present-day warfare, the figures available are very vague. The spokesman of the Japanese Navy declared a few days ago that last May the Japanese Navy (not counting the Army) had at its disposal over 4,000 airplanes and added: "Today we have even more." For the NEI air force the Japanese consider the figure 200-300 as the most likely. An American expert recently wrote that the combined number of airplanes at the disposal of Japan's enemies in the West and Southwest Pacific was about 2,000. In addition the US Navy had some 500 airplanes on carriers. Of the total of 2,500 the Allies probably have lost around a thousand, which explains the patent air superiority enjoyed by Japan in recent weeks.

## BALANCE, DECEMBER 7, 1941

If we draw the balance according to the stand of December 7, 1941, we see that approximately the following forces opposed each other in the Pacific:

Naval Forces of Japan and her Enemies in the Pacific, December 7, 1941

Japan	
Battleships . . . . .	12
Heavy Cruisers . . . . .	20
Light Cruisers . . . . .	22
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	6
Destroyers and Torpedo Boats . . . . .	143
Submarines . . . . .	72
Total . . . . .	275

Allies

	USA	Great Britain	Neth. E. Ind.	Total
Battleships . . . . .	12	2	—	14
Heavy Cruisers . . . . .	11	14	—	45
Light Cruisers . . . . .	17	3	—	6
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	5	1	—	112
Destroyers . . . . .	83	20	9	87
Submarines . . . . .	59	10	18	
Total . . . . .	187	47	30	264

## FOUR TO ONE

If we compare the relative naval strengths of the two sides, there appear to be four advantages and one disadvantage on the side of Japan. In the first place, Japan's naval forces are concentrated in the vicinity of her home waters. During the four years of the China conflict they have learned a lot, a great deal of which they have been able to apply successfully during the last few weeks. (One has only to remember the numerous victorious landings.) And since the beginnings of a Japanese navy, they have always been trained for an emergency in the Western Pacific, which they know now like the palm of their hand. How thorough and excellent was the training of the Japanese Fleet and its preparation for the Pacific war, has been proved by the striking successes since the very first moment of the war. The situation was quite different with Japan's opponents who, owing to an almost criminal underrating of Japan, never seriously prepared themselves for the coming conflict and were so perplexed and helpless after the blows of the first few days that Japan could carry out her actions as if there were no Anglo-American fleet at all in the Pacific. It is perhaps not without deeper significance that the newly appointed Commander in Chief of the combined US and British naval forces in the southwest Pacific was forced to travel from Manila to Java by submarine.

The second Japanese advantage is to be found in the comparison of speed and cruising radius of the two fleets. The average speed of the chief American units is 21 knots, that of the Japanese 23 knots. This provides Japanese ships with a superior ma-

neuverability, which is enhanced by the nearness of their bases. Furthermore Japan possesses a squadron of four battle cruisers and two modernized battleships with a speed of 26 knots, and two very modern battleships of 30 knots. Moreover the United States built her submarines with the aim of coastal defense and hence with a cruising radius of only 3,000—5,000 miles. The Western Pacific bases being lost, these submarines, with the exception of a few recently built for long cruises, can only operate from Hawaii and California, and perhaps from Surabaya. The Japanese submarines, on the other hand, (1) can all operate in the Western Pacific, including the 23 coastal service submarines, because their bases are all near by, and (2) among them are close to 50 which with a cruising radius of 5,000—6,000 miles can cruise from their bases in the Mandated Islands as far as the American coast.

A third advantage for Japan is that in naval actions in the Western Pacific Japan can in many cases use her destroyers and planes instead of cruisers for reconnoitering, while the United States can only use cruisers for this purpose or at most some of the more modern destroyers, because, after the loss of Western Pacific bases, the distances for the remaining destroyers are too great for any effective action.

In the fourth place, Japan's fleet is under a unified Japanese command which has for years been functioning without friction. Her opponents, however, are fighting with a fleet composed of four constituent parts—American, English, Dutch East Indian, and Australian. It is true that they have recently been placed under a central command, that of the American Admiral Thomas C. Hart. But it will be some time before the co-operation is perfect, and it is very doubtful whether there can be a reliable inner cohesion between Englishmen (who look down on Americans and placed themselves with reluctance under the command of

an American), Americans (who cannot get over the thought that they have to fight an English war for the second time in one generation), Dutchmen (who are mainly interested in safeguarding their colonial empire and are dissatisfied with the failure to appoint a NEI officer to any of the higher posts in the unified Allied command), and Australians (who are already bitterly complaining about London's neglect of their interests).

These advantages of the Japanese fleet are offset to a degree by the fact that the American potentials for armament in raw materials, industrial plants, engineers, and labor are superior to those of Japan, although only in the long run. For at present the USA is at the stage of building up her armaments, and still has to cope with considerable difficulties of organization.

#### BALANCE, JANUARY 21, 1942

On January 21, 1942, Admiral Shimada, Minister of the Navy, announced in the Japanese Diet the naval losses of the two sides up to that date (see documentary appendix).

Naval Losses in the Pacific, December 8, 1941 to January 21, 1942

	Japan	Allies
Battleships . . . . .	—	7
Cruisers . . . . .	—	2
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	—	2
Destroyers . . . . .	4	6
Transports . . . . .	4	—
Submarines . . . . .	3	18
Smaller Vessels . . . . .	4	26
Total . . . . .	15	61

This would establish the following situation at present:

Naval Forces of Japan and Allies in the Pacific, January 21, 1942

	Japan	Allies
Battleships . . . . .	12	7
Cruisers . . . . .	42	43
Aircraft Carriers . . . . .	6	4
Destroyers . . . . .	139	106
Submarines . . . . .	69	69
Total . . . . .	268	229

A comparison of the balances of December 7 and January 21 shows that a momentous change has been effected in these few intervening weeks. Parity has been turned into Japanese superiority.



The American press, to be sure, has scoffed at the Japanese figures and maintains that they are too high. But if the ships claimed by Japan are not at the bottom of the ocean or of Pearl Harbor—where have they been while Japan's transports, with hundreds of thousands of men aboard, have plowed the waves of the entire southwestern Pacific?

### *THE SAILOR BOYS*

The actual armed conflict between Japan and the USA (and these are the two powers mainly involved in the Pacific war) has been too short to allow any conclusions to be drawn regarding the relative value of the personnel of both navies. However, we should like to say a few words here about the personnel of the US Navy.

In Hawaii, the most important naval base of the USA, I saw many American sailors and officers. I met them as students in my lectures, in parties, on walking and sailing trips, and as a guest on their ships. I found them to be typical representatives of all that is American. They were interested and well trained in the technical sciences, full of charm, frank and friendly, tremendously keen on sports, especially on the more toughening ones such as boxing and American football. The officers usually had good-looking and well-dressed wives, and elegant motor cars. Among my most pleasant memories of Hawaii are the parties in the Officers' Club of Pearl Harbor, where we danced and dined in the moonlight, surrounded by swaying palm trees, to the music of a ship's band. In America it is always being emphasized that the human material of the navy (as well as of the army) has greatly improved since the depression of 1928-29. It is said that the decline of economic opportunities has induced many well-educated young men to enter the armed forces, which were formerly regarded with some contempt by Americans as a last resort for failures.

Nevertheless in America the officer and the noncommissioned officer con-

siders his position mainly as a *job*. It demands the carrying-out of a certain amount of daily work in a certain number of hours. Beyond that he is a civilian like anyone else and wears civilian clothes wherever possible. The personnel of the American fleet is not filled with the holy and fanatical fire of patriotism. Hitherto America was even proud of the fact that her officers and sailors were neither samurais nor Prussian aristocrats, but ordinary Americans who did their jobs. Of course there is also a military tradition in the American armed forces, especially in those families which have been connected for generations with the army or navy; and one will very often find that the wives of officers are officers' daughters. But the whole spirit is basically different from that of Japan. America is rich, life was easy, and the enemies far away. What other fleet beside the American could base its recruiting efforts on that famous: "Join the navy and see the world!"?

And so it is more than just the crazy idea of an American capitalist when the newspapers reported on January 13 of this year that the National Bank of Florida has offered a prize of US\$500 to American pilots for every enemy ship sunk. A similar action, which turns military achievements into a business or sport, would be unthinkable in Japan.

On the other hand the angry attacks by the American press on the commanders of the army and navy in Hawaii and their dishonorable discharge decidedly go too far and are a distasteful spectacle. It was the tough luck, not the guilt of these men to happen to be in command in Hawaii at a moment when their President carried his high-handed and reckless game of bluff too far and war broke out.

### *COMMANDERS*

The fleets of the two Anglo-Saxon powers must also make up for the disadvantages of frequent changes in the highest command during the last few years. On January 9, 1941, a number

of new commanders was appointed in the American Fleet, namely for the Scouting Force, the battleships of the Battle Force, the cruisers of the Battle Force, the cruisers of the Scouting Force, the first and second divisions of the battleships of the Battle Force, and the fifth cruiser division of the Scouting Force. After the heavy blows in December 1941 further important changes were hastily carried out such as the removal of Admiral Husband E. Kimmel from his post as Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet; his replacement by Admiral C. W. Nimitz; the appointment of the former Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Ernest J. King, as Commander in Chief of the entire US Fleet, and of Admiral Wilson Russell as Chief of Staff of the US Navy. A month later, on January 16, Colonel Knox announced that the Admirals King and Stark, the latter being chief of naval operations, will now share the responsibilities of the High Command and the administration of the Navy. This will hardly contribute toward the clarity and unity of the command. At the same time a shake-up occurred in the command of the Far Eastern Fleet of Great Britain (Sir Geoffrey Leyton replaced Sir Thomas Phillips), and Admiral Spooner became Commander in Chief in the Malayan waters. In this way there are new men in many of the decisive posts of the Anglo-American fleets who still have to grow into their jobs.

In Japan, on the other hand, the same three men who have proved themselves during the last few years are in the three vital posts: Admiral Shigetaro Shimada as Minister of the Navy (former Commander in Chief of the Japanese China Seas Fleet), Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto as Commander in Chief of the entire fleet, and Vice-Admiral Mineichi Koga as Commander in Chief of the Japanese China Seas Fleet (former commander of the important second squadron of the Japanese Battle Fleet). There have been no other recent changes announced either. And the Anglo-American hopes for a rivalry

between the navy and the army in Japan have not come true, as was shown by the long series of successful army landings.

### *THE NATIONS BEHIND*

It is also too early to make comparisons between the nations standing behind the fighting fleets. In the case of Japan, we know it to be a people filled with a consciousness of its national mission, unconditionally devoted to its emperor, capable of bearing hardships, and knowing how to fight and die. But America is in a situation for which she has no precedent. One cannot compare the present war to 1917-18. At that time it was a matter of dealing the last blow to a single nation inwardly broken by years of blockade, warfare, and propaganda. The war against Spain in 1898 was a lark. 1861-65 was a civil war, and in the wars before that the United States was a young nation of pioneers not yet softened by civilization, city life, and unemployment. Furthermore it was almost uniformly Anglo-Saxon, while now it possesses millions of citizens of German, Italian, Japanese, and Irish origin, in addition to grave inner conflicts between capital and labor. The future will show how far Roosevelt will succeed in turning the Americans into a fighting nation ready to do its part and make the necessary sacrifices.

### *STRATEGIC OBJECTIVES*

As to the strategic objectives of both sides, Japan's aim was absolutely clear and corresponded to the forces at her disposal. It was to dislodge Anglo-American imperialism from its Far Eastern positions. This is the aim for which the Japanese Army and Navy have been preparing themselves for years, and they have been approaching it with tenacity, slowly at first but with giant strides during the last few weeks. Japan's opponents, after the first few weeks of war, have only two naval bases left in the Western Pacific, Singapore and Surabaya. Of these only Singapore is equipped with large docks, which, moreover, are within the range of Japanese bombers.

## JAPAN AND OIL

It was of special importance to Japan to gain access to the oil-producing centers in the southwestern Pacific. After the Netherlands East Indies in the summer of 1941 joined in the American embargo against Japan it was only a question of time before Japan would take by force what she urgently needed for her existence as a great power and what she could not get amicably. For Japan had either to renounce her position as a power or gain access to the oil of the Dutch East Indies.

According to a recent report by Ken Sawada, chief of the Publicity Section of the Pacific Association, the oil output of the Dutch East Indies in 1940 amounted roughly to 8 million tons.

NEI Oil Production			Percentage
	Volume of Production		
Sumatra (mainly Palembang)	5,208,709 tons		65.6
Borneo (mainly Balikpapan)	1,793,148 "		22.6
Java and Madura . . . . .	839,495 "		10.6
Moluccas . . . . .	97,641 "		1.2
Total . . . . .	7,938,993 tons		100.0

This corresponds to seventy per cent of the oil output of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. To this must be added a production of 1 million tons in British Borneo and 2 million tons in Burma. The principal oil fields in Burma are located in the Magwe district (on the Irrawaddy River, two thirds up from its mouth to Mandalay) where nearly ninety per cent of the entire output is produced. With the possibility of Japan's occupying the oil fields of the NEI looming near, her enemies are pinning their hopes on a policy of "scorched earth." But American experts admit that Japan would be able to bring the oil wells back into production within a period of six to ten months, and Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox himself has estimated Japanese oil reserves to be good for fourteen to sixteen months. Thus the flow of oil from Indonesia will begin long before the Japanese reserves have been exhausted.

In giving the present war the name of "The War of Greater East Asia" Japan has indicated that she is carrying on this struggle mainly for the

establishment of the East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. But that does not mean that Japan, after reaching this goal, will not go beyond its immediate limits in order to safeguard her sphere of interest. An advance into such areas as Alaska, Hawaii, and Australia which would have seemed fantastic as recently as two months ago, today is no longer outside the realm of possibility. On January 9 an editorial in the *Japan Times and Advertiser* said: "With the American Navy badly crippled as a result of the Japanese victory at Pearl Harbor it is within the realm not alone of possibility but of probability that armed forces of this country will land on the American continent."

## CONFUSED AMERICA

Matters are far more complicated on the opposing side. To take the most important adversary of Japan first, the United States: her strategic position was and still is the most confused of all Pacific powers.

First, the United States must direct her attention towards two oceans while she only possesses a fleet strong enough for one and, if everything goes according to plan, will not have a two ocean navy before 1946.

Secondly, she is faced by two problems in the Pacific area which are hard to reconcile with each other and which, as has been shown now, intrude upon each other. One is to protect the advance posts reaching across the whole ocean and to attack the enemy from them, and the other to defend the coast of the US mainland and the Panama Canal. During the four years I spent in Hawaii up to the summer of 1941, in an atmosphere filled with Pacific problems and trains of thought, I felt again and again the lack of clearness in the American strategy of the Pacific. Should Japan be brought to her knees by blockade and *Sitzkrieg*? Should the US Fleet seek a conflict with the Japanese Fleet in the Western Pacific? Should Tokyo and Osaka be reduced to ruins by US bombers? Should the Philippines be given up or defended? This uncertainty was part-



ly due to the unclear valuation of Japan. For example, it was said over and over again that Japan would not go as far as the Dutch East Indies for it was as far from Tokyo to Batavia as from Pearl Harbor to Tokyo, and Japan could not send her fleet so far and leave her shores unprotected. How far from reality these considerations were, was shown by the events of December 8, 1941.

Whether in books and magazines, or in lectures and discussions among experts, or in the objectives of the annual American Fleet maneuvers, in every case there was a complete lack of clear direction. This is probably the reason why, after the outbreak of the war, Japan took the initiative, and why the United States will have for a long time to limit herself to taking defensive measures against situations brought about by Japanese initiative.

This general uncertainty in naval circles was enhanced by the vagueness of the entire American foreign policy, which resulted from the contradiction between the plans of the President and his friends on the one hand and the wishes of the majority of the American people on the other. A typical example of this is Guam. For twenty-two years the Navy Department had been asking for funds for the development of that island into a strong naval base. Yet the necessary funds for this purpose were refused again and again by Congress, who pointed out that Guam, completely surrounded by Japanese islands, could never become of any real importance, and that Japan would regard its fortification as an unfriendly act. Suddenly on March 7, 1941, when—as we now know—it was already much too late, appropriations were granted, but only a little over 4 million dollars, for the building of a submarine base. This constituted a provocation of Japan with no strength behind it. "Too late and too little" is the refrain in this case too.

#### **BRITAIN AND THE "STATUS QUO"**

The strategic aims of Great Britain were clearer. They amounted to the safeguarding of the mighty English investments in the Far East by bases, warships, and troops, the maintaining

of the *status quo*, and the holding in check of her dangerous rival Japan. For this purpose Britain had her three Far Eastern bases, Weihaiwei, Hongkong, and Singapore, and her extensive possessions in the South Pacific. Hence she represented a much more compact power than the USA. After the withdrawal from Weihaiwei towards the end of the thirties, Hongkong with Kowloon became the most northern outpost of England in the Far East, and the world's newspapers have had much to say during the last few years concerning the military developments of that colony. However, the Japanese occupation of large areas of the Chinese mainland opposite the crown colony called its defensibility seriously in question, and what England possessed in Kowloon and Hongkong on December 8, 1941 was, as has been shown by events, by no means sufficient to cope with the Japanese assault.

#### **A REVERSED SITUATION**

The first weeks of war have basically altered the strategic aims of Japan's opponents. At present and probably for some time to come they are exclusively concerned with keeping what they have not yet lost, at the same time trying to interrupt as far as possible Japan's supplies from her newly acquired territories, and above all those of oil and other strategic materials from the NEI and the Malay Peninsula. In view of the loss of most of the bases and Singapore's desperate situation, this will be extremely difficult. On January 11 the *Sunday Times* of London wrote: "We cannot reasonably expect that Japan will be quickly deprived of the predominance she has snatched over a great part of the Pacific." And on January 12 Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox declared that Germany was enemy number one and that America did not intend to transfer her Atlantic Fleet to the Pacific. He explained that "the wide distribution of America's naval forces precluded any early dramatic or triumphant showdown with the Japanese fleet."

In view of this weakness it should for the time being be difficult for the

USA on her part to obtain any of the natural resources of the southwestern Pacific for her own industries. And that is bitter. For the Malay Peninsula and the NEI produce most of the world's rubber and, together with Thailand, almost two thirds of the world's tin. Moreover in the areas attacked by Japan large quantities of rice, hemp, sugar, quinine, and other essential raw materials—we have already mentioned oil—are produced. Already American ships prefer the detour from the NEI around Australia, lengthening the journey by weeks, rather than risk the direct route north of Australia which has become very dangerous owing to the Japanese forces being established on Borneo, Celebes, and New Britain. After this complete reversal of the situation, Japan's opponents must place their hopes for a final victory not, as before, on their chief weapon, the economic strangling of Japan, but only on military weapons which, as they have admitted, they will not possess for a war in the Pacific for a long time to come.

#### WHO WILL FIGHT FOR BRITAIN?

This explains their desperate efforts to involve the armies of other countries for their purposes against Japan. Here, as in the whole history of the British Empire, we see how England must make others fight for her. What in Europe the Polish, Belgian, Dutch, French, Yugoslavian, Greek, and recently the Russian armies were, in the Far East the Chinese, Indian, and, if possible, once more the Russian armies are to be. And as in Europe England's hopes are based much less on her own military power than on the dream of a rebellion of the European nations against Germany and on help from the USA, so England imagines that the Asiatic millions will be prepared to support the tottering edifice of her Empire. That the British Empire had to demand Chinese divisions for the defense of Burma—Burma who bears British rule unwillingly—illustrates the whole situation better than any other single fact.

At the same time it appears that the hope for effective support of the Empire by non-British nations is be-

coming less and less justified. Their inherent logic is driving developments step by step toward the establishment of a European and an East Asiatic *grossraum*. Neither the nations of Europe nor those of the Far East can in the long run evade this fact. And the clearer the inevitability of this development becomes to them, the less prepared are they to sacrifice themselves for the interests of outside powers—and the British Empire and the USA are outside powers for Europe as well as for the Far East. Rather will they gradually identify their own interests with those of the leading nations of their sphere.

\* \* \*

Since the whole world, with the exception of a very few neutral and a number of semi-neutral states, has been drawn into the present war, Pacific strategy must also be considered in its relationship to world strategy. Both in Europe and the Far East, the Axis powers are fighting against mutual enemies with the advantages given to them by their excellent co-ordination (as shown in the recent and devastating appearance of German submarines off the US East Coast), by the concentration of all their forces and the possession of the inner lines of communication, as opposed to their adversaries, whose centers of power are scattered over the face of the world. At first the powers hostile to the Axis had placed their hopes in an inner collapse of the Axis nations as a result of their lack of raw materials. This they can no longer count upon, since so far the course of the war in Europe and the Far East has assured the Axis of the raw materials it lacked—if not in superfluous yet still in sufficient quantities.

A new page in the history of the world has been turned before the eyes of mankind and especially before the eyes of those of us who live in the Far East. No matter how long and in what form the war that broke out on December 8, 1941, will continue, the political, military, and economic supremacy of the Anglo-American states in the Far East is at an end.

## INSIDE RUSSIA

*For the past seven months we have all read more about the German-Soviet war than about any other single subject. We have followed the military events, the diplomatic side shows, the economic consequences of this struggle. Yet hardly anything is known about one of the two antagonists, the USSR. More than ever Russia appears a strange, mysterious land which few understand and many have given up trying to understand.*

*One can read very little in the press outside Russia about what is going on in the Red Empire, for there are only a few foreign correspondents left in Russia. Those who are still there are usually far from the front, and limit themselves mainly to reporting the boastful speeches of Losovsky. Moreover they are too close to events to be able to discern the great developments.*

*But out here there are means of following the inner development of the USSR—the Soviet papers and particularly the Soviet broadcast. By turning the dial of the receiving set and tuning in on the Russian programs of Moscow, Khabarovsk, Irkutsk, Vladivostok, or other stations, you can keep your fingers on the pulse of the Soviet Union.*

*For several months, in fact ever since it became clear that something new was evolving in the Soviet Union, we have been carefully collecting the information gained from press and radio. In a country such as the Soviet Union the really important events are never obvious, and rarely do the Soviet leaders call them by their right names. It takes knowledge of the USSR and the Russian language as well as a great deal of patience to see the points which matter.*

*In the following pages are the results of our research, results which we consider sensational. But for our readers to see their sensational character, we must ask them to read with patience and not to mind if at first some of the material presented seems insignificant. It is not. And to those who make the effort of thoughtfully reading through the following pages it will become clear that events are taking place in the USSR the importance of which, not only for Germany and Europe but for the whole world, goes far beyond anything that has happened in Rio de Janeiro or Libya. A tragedy of vast dimensions is in the making.—K. M.*

### STALIN'S THREE-POINT PROGRAM

Even before the outbreak of the German-Soviet war, the Soviet regime was hated by a considerable part of the Russian people and the non-Russian minorities. Millions of them had had to suffer through the Bolsheviks. There are few families in which one or more members have not in one way or another become victims of the Revolution and the Civil War, of famine and de-kulakization, of the frequent "purges" and the constant terror. Then came the war against Germany with its additional hardships for the population. In the very first months

the Red armies suffered huge defeats. They lost millions of their best soldiers in dead, wounded, and prisoners. They had to abandon hundreds of thousands of square miles of their most important agricultural and industrial districts. Millions became homeless. At the same time the Germans declared that they were fighting the war only against the Bolshevik regime, not against the Russian people.

Could the Soviet system stand all this? Would a wave of revolt carry away the Bolshevik regime and put a national Russian government in its place? Would it greet the Germans as liberators from the Bolshevik yoke? So the world wondered.



If the USSR were a solidly or at least overwhelmingly Bolshevik country, these questions would not have arisen. But the world is aware of the fact that the Soviet regime, although it succeeded in winning a large part of the younger generation, has on the whole existed more through the terror of the GPU than the love of its citizens. The Bolshevik leaders knew that this was the case better than anybody else. Hence there was only one chance for them to remain in the saddle and to continue the war. *They must try to make it a people's war.* They must try to convince the Russians that they were not fighting for Bolshevism but for Russia. This they could only do by completely changing direction, abandoning the communist ideology or at least no longer mentioning it, and above all by setting out to accomplish three things with the greatest possible speed and effort:

(1) Regardless of the cost, they had to force the Germans to wage war not only against the Red Army but also against the population;

(2) They had to appeal to those nationalistic instincts of the Russians which they had ridiculed for twenty years;

(3) They had to attempt to weld the Bolshevik Party and the Russian people together in order to make use of the whole strength of the Russian masses for the purposes of Bolshevism.

Doing all this meant declaring, at least temporarily, the bankruptcy of the Bolshevik doctrine. But it is to the advantage of the Bolsheviks that they know no inhibitions. They belong neither to a certain nation nor to a certain culture or moral code. Their motto is: "That is good which helps Bolshevism." With this credo they can turn in whichever direction they please without scruple in the choice of their methods. The feelings, ideals, dreams, and traditions of all others are for them only means which they use for their ends.

For the last six months the whole giant apparatus at the disposal of the

Soviet Government has been working with feverish and systematic energy at the carrying out of this program. What has been achieved so far?

### EVERYBODY MUST FIGHT

First, we have said, there was the problem of inducing the Germans to extend the war to the Russian population itself. To achieve this, a plan was worked out that was insidiously clever in its simplicity: one had only to force the population to fight against the German troops, and there would be nothing left for the Germans but to take measures against the population.

On October 1, 1941, it became obligatory for the entire male population of the Soviet Union to take part in military exercises. The purpose of this measure was to keep the population well in hand in spite of all the defeats. The introduction of nation-wide conscription brought with it the possibility of organizing and supervising more strictly than ever all subjects of the Soviet state through military discipline. And the maintenance of discipline is of great importance especially during times of military defeats.

At the same time the mobilization of the people was extended to the entire nation, to both sexes as well as to adolescents. This is stated again and again. For instance:

"It is the sacred duty of every citizen to contribute towards the defense of his town or village, to carry a gun, and to be able to use it.... However far a hamlet or township may be removed from the front, proper military preparations must be made everywhere. Every town and every village must be transformed into an armed camp and a fortress." Or: "Our young people must be not only good workers but also soldiers, and the same applies to women." (2.10.41)

### WOMEN SOLDIERS

This did not remain theory for long. One broadcast reported, for instance, that a women's organization, headed

by Comrade Kharinoshina, had sent with its gifts for the soldiers of the Red Army an accompanying letter: "Tensely and with pride we women are following your struggle, dear brothers, and when the time has come we too will participate actively in the war as truck drivers or with machine guns." (22.12.41)

Or a report was sent out saying: "The women of our region are learning the proper use of a rifle. Their first target practice took place yesterday." (13.12.41)

Let it be noted that it is not a question here of regular women's regiments incorporated in the army like those mentioned on several occasions in the Finnish communiqués or praised in the Soviet radio with such words as these: "Entire detachments of brave and audacious Soviet women are fighting shoulder to shoulder with their husbands and sons, having learnt how to use rifles and bayonets." (17.1.42) It is rather a question of arming *all* women and drilling them for fighting German soldiers.

### THE DIRTY RED TIE

And not only the women. "Blood-thirsty Fascism has invaded our country. It wants to rob us of our happy childhood. So we, the schoolchildren, must do any work allotted to us. We must collect warm clothing and scrap iron, and we must acquire military knowledge." This is what two schoolgirls, Raissa Yolinova and Vera Yermolayeva, said when they were brought to the microphone by Comrade Vontchenko, Director of the Municipal Committee for Public Enlightenment in Khabarovsk. (20.10.41)

A teacher told the following story on the radio. She had noticed one of her pupils who belonged to the Union of Young Pioneers wearing a dirty tie and had said to him; "Do you know that a twelve-year-old child wearing the red tie of the Pioneers was hanged by the Germans? And look at your tie, how dirty it is!

Don't you know that this tie is soaked in the blood of our warriors? In the blood of the heroes of the Civil War, the heroes of the Red Army, the blood of the Pioneers? Don't you all know that it is your duty to help the Red soldiers and partisans?" On the following day, so she said, the children looked clean and solemn and said to her: "We have thought a lot about what you told us yesterday. From now on we will behave quite differently, and from today we shall also practice throwing hand grenades." The schoolmistress concluded her "Radio Talk for Little Children" with the words: "Thus the hearts of the children were set on fire by the right words." (18.10.41)

This is an example of how every opportunity, be it ever so minute, even a dirty tie, is being used to create a militant attitude in all inhabitants of the USSR.

### FIGHTING NURSES

"Heroic Soviet women are helping to destroy the Fascists by joining the ambulance corps," reported the Soviet Bureau of Information on December 25, 1941. And in the communiqués of the Far Eastern Army the explanation is given: "Ambulance assistants and nurses do not only want to give aid to the wounded, but also to be combatants. Hence many of them are practicing rifle shooting." And one of the "nurses" solemnly supplements this news with the words: "On the battlefield we shall not only help the wounded but, rifle in hand, we shall also strike down the Fascist robbers." (4.10.41)

Thus no attempt is made to conceal the fact that there is in the Soviet Union no civilian population in the usual sense, that civilian men and women, girls and boys, children and nurses may and are even in duty bound to wage war.

### NO CIVILIANS LEFT

The "partisans" so often mentioned in the newspapers are a part of this program. Some of them are regular

soldiers purposely left behind during the retreat of the army in order to become active in the rear of the German troops. The majority are civilians, among them women and children, who, with all the means of propaganda, are spurred on to carry out acts of war or sabotage against the Germans, as was demanded by Stalin on July 2, 1941, in his first speech after the outbreak of war.

In this manner the Bolsheviks succeeded in putting the entire population on the same level as the Red Army. A twofold aim was achieved: the number of fighting forces available against the Germans was increased; and—this is far more important—the German troops occupying a village or a town found themselves faced by an armed and hostile population, against which they had to take measures. And that meant the accomplishment of the Kremlin's goal. Now the Russian people and the world could be told that the Germans were fighting against civilians. The more this became known, the easier it was to enlist Russian civilians into the ranks of active combatants. If the Germans, they were told, are after civilians anyway, then it is better for you to shoot first.

### **"SCORCHED EARTH"**

Closely linked with this employment of partisans is the "scorched earth" policy. It too was proclaimed by Stalin in his speech of July 2, and formulated more clearly in an article by the President of the USSR, Kalinin, entitled "What is true Soviet Patriotism?" which was read over the radio and in which he said:

"When the enemy advances, everything of value must be destroyed. One must not let oneself be disturbed by the thought that those are values created by us. There is no room for pity or regret in such cases. To destroy everything, to leave nothing behind for the enemy, that is true patriotism."

One should note that the President of the Soviet Union does not speak of the destruction of industrial plants

only, but of the destruction of values in general, i.e. of all material and immaterial goods.

Hence, when the Red Army leaves a city, the true Soviet patriots must see to it that the museum of Tchaikovsky, the house of Rimsky-Korsakov, or one of the famous Russian monasteries are destroyed or at least damaged. This has happened time and again. And it should be done with a clear conscience, for "there is no room for pity or regret in such cases."

Thus were the Russians blinded. Those who have read Dostoyevsky know that a certain desire for self-destruction is peculiar to the Russian nature. And now destruction was made a patriotic duty. The people were brought into a feverish state of hatred for the enemy. They began to harm and torture themselves in order to harm this enemy. When after the beginning of winter the German troops withdrew their advanced lines at several places, the reoccupied villages that had at one time been destroyed by the retreating Russians themselves could be presented to the world and to their nation as "proofs of German destruction."

### **BREEDING HATRED**

"Our hearts are aflame, aflame with hate! Revenge! Revenge for the death of our fathers and brothers! For our country, for our beloved soil!" Thus the Soviet radio, incessantly.

"Yes, it is hard to listen to such things. But listen, Soviet girl! Hear how these German monsters threw an infant into the fire before the eyes of the mother and at the same time raped the mother. Listen and fight, forget your own comfort, your female sensitiveness." This is what Comrade Kononenko told women and girls over the radio. (28.10.41) And Comrade Kononenko is a specialist. You can hear her articles read quite often on the Khabarovsk wave length, always on the subject of women and atrocities.

The following program is meant for soldiers:



"My heart trembles when I look upon a German I have finished off. It is as if my heart were saying to me: you see, there lies a part of the duty you have fulfilled." That is what a Red Army man writes to his brother, a soldier in the Far Eastern Army. The radio continues: "And this letter passed from hand to hand in the detachment of his brother, evoking admiration everywhere."

Thus the Kremlin's first goal was achieved. The people have been plunged into a delirium of blood and destruction.

### *THE CHANGING OF THE GUARDS*

The second point of the Bolshevik program we drew up at the beginning of our article was the appeal to Russian nationalistic instincts. How was this done? Let us start with the Guards.

One must remember what the word "Guards" meant to the Bolsheviks until quite recently. The Guards regiments, the most loyal supports of the throne of the Tsars before the Revolution, were in the eyes of the Bolsheviks nothing but "bands of class-enemies," "bloodsuckers," "drink-sodden bodyguards of the Tsar, created by that butcher of men Peter I for the protection of his tyranny over the people," etc. These were the expressions used in the press for many years.

Suddenly, on November 11, 1941, a decree by Stalin was published:

"For heroic deeds and brave fighting on the battlefield against the German armies the 14th Tank Brigade is awarded the designation of 1st Guards Tank Brigade."

Could that have been a misprint? For several days nothing happened. But one week later more units were given the title of "Guards," and by now this has become a standing feature of Soviet papers and broadcasts. Also, on November 13, a leading article in *Pravda* admonished:

"Everyone must fight for the honor of his regiment. Therefore he must

become acquainted at least in rough outline with the history of his regiment."

### *STUDYING REGIMENTAL HISTORY*

History? In a country that had made non-existence of history a principle, that had always emphasized that history began only in November 1917 and that before this everything had only been preparation for the Bolshevik Revolution—in this country people were suddenly to study regimental history?

Soon it became apparent where this study of history was to lead. "Glorious were the old Russian Guards, they were in Berlin and Leipzig and Paris. . . . These mighty old Russian Guards, they died in the battles of the Great War." (15.12.41)

But it is not the old Tsarist Guards who are dead. It is rather the proletarian Red Guards of the civil war years. For it is not the proletarian Guards of 1917-19 but those of Tsarist Russia that are to serve today as an example to the Red Army: "The glorious war traditions of the old Russian Army have been taken over by the Red Army. The soldiers of the Guards are the finest sons of the Russian people." (29.12.41)

### *GUARDSMEN—OLD AND NEW*

In order to do away with any doubt, Major-General A. Ignatyev, a surviving member of the old Tsarist Guards, had to speak up. Here are some of his most striking statements:

"The Guards may die, but they never surrender. . . . We the old Russian Guardsmen who have survived former wars are doubly happy that the best examples of Guardsman heroism in our history have not only been carried on but even surpassed by the warriors of the Red Army. . . . The heroism of the old Russian Guards was great indeed! They were born under the leadership of that great Russian commander, Peter the Great, in the temporary defeat of Narva, and covered

themselves with immortal glory in the victory of Poltava. . . . Their flags and standards bore the marks of German, French, and Turkish bullets. . . . Whole generations of warriors were brought up in their fighting tradition. . . . The magnificent name of a Guardsman carries with it a great responsibility. . . . From him to whom much is given, much is expected. . . . Many former Guardsmen have the great honor of standing today in the ranks of the highest command of our glorious Red Army."

Thus the circle was closed: the purpose of the title "Guards" is that the soldiers and officers of the Red Army shall consider themselves direct descendants of the old Tsarist Army and feel that they are "true Russian patriots."

#### IVAN THE TERRIBLE

Very often we hear the word *bogatyr* (hero) in the Russian radio, and again and again reference is made to legendary *bogatyrs* of ancient Russian sagas, who fought heroically against overwhelming odds. From month to month the language grows more nationalistic:

"With pride and dignity we bear our name: we are Russians! We are fighting for the Russian people, for Russia. We are defending our sacred homeland, our Russia, our Moscow!" (4.11.41) Or:

"Like the iron regiments of Ivan the Terrible march the divisions of the Red Army and carry on the glorious tradition of Kutusov's army of 1812. The soldiers are unshakably determined to defend the most precious thing in the world: the Russian people! It is clear: they are fighting for Russia!" (6.11.41)

These are the words and images with which the Soviet radio speaks to its listeners, day in and day out, words which appeal to the nationalistic feelings of the Russians, images which, in hours of darkness, are intended to recall the figures of the great Russian

commanders and statesmen of the past.

#### RELIGIOUS IMAGES

This tendency towards the taking over of old traditions does not even stop at the otherwise forbidden sphere of religious feelings. This does not mean that the Church, suppressed consistently and bloodily for twenty-four years, is now being treated with bighearted tolerance, as some people outside Russia may perhaps imagine. Nevertheless, religious images and conceptions are placed more and more at the service of the defense of the Soviet Union. At first, quite "by chance" and apparently without any particular intention, a poem by a young author was read in which the words of the famous Russian Easter hymn occur: "Death is conquered by death" (*Smertyu smert poprav*). They are to indicate that like Christ the Soviet people dies and is resurrected.

A few days after that an article from *Life* was broadcast which reported on alleged plans of Hitler's to do away with all religions. (The religious Russian listener should then think: what a contrast to the USSR, where the publication of the anti-religious magazine *The Godless* has been stopped.) On November 27 a lecture was given over the Kuibyshev transmitter which ended in the following almost biblical words: "Before the Day of Judgment thou, my Russia, hast taken upon thyself the chastisement of humanity. From us, from the East, the sacred light will come."

#### SACRED OR HOLY?

A few weeks later a further step in the same direction was made. On December 17, in the enumeration of the alleged terrible atrocities on the part of German troops, the following case was mentioned in the report of the Soviet Bureau of Information: "In the village of Yershov a hundred people were locked up in the church, whereupon the church was blown up." That the emphasis in this tale was not on the people killed but on the

destruction of the house of God becomes clear when one reads the closing words of the leading article of *Pravda* of the same day: "With *holy* fire in the soul, with *holy* thoughts, with faith in the complete annihilation of the enemy: onward, comrades, warriors, onward! Continue to strike down the foe!"

Those who know conditions in the Soviet Union will understand. During the past twenty-four years only the word "sacred" (*svyastchenny*) could be used, never the word "holy" (*svyato*). "*Svyastchenny*" is only a neutral secular expression, whereas "*svyato*" invokes religious ideas. So that when *Pravda* suddenly uses the expression "holy," it knows exactly what it is doing.

It is true, God Himself has not yet been invoked, but His name, for twenty-four years only the subject of profane jokes, is now mentioned in quotations from Roosevelt and other allies.

### THE ICON'S DOILY

In the discussion of Molotov's Note on the "monstrous atrocities of the German troops," it was said (8.12.41): "The Fascists hate the national culture of the Soviet peoples. The religious feelings of the population are scorned." A few days later this theme was brought out still more. It was "reported" how an old woman in a village temporarily occupied by German troops complained to the returning Russian soldiers about the atrocities of the Germans. Pointing to the icon in the corner, she said: "They have even taken away the doily from under the image of God." (17.1.42)

We record these little stories because it is through the exceedingly clever publicizing of such small incidents with a human touch—often read from letters written to each other by soldiers and their mothers or sweethearts—that the Bolsheviks are achieving their greatest psychological successes. And we may add that by these means they have succeeded abroad as well as at home.

So they were not coincidences, these remarks made from time to time about the blowing up of churches, these appeals to the religious thoughts and convictions of the Soviet subjects. The people were being prepared to see in the Bolsheviks the guardians of the religious feelings of the Russian masses, protecting the holy images and respecting God. But one should be careful not to draw false conclusions from these facts. This is anything but a return to Orthodox Russia. It is simply a shrewd device, a powerful snare with which to catch the Russian people.

### PARTY AND PEOPLE

The third aim of the Bolshevik program, we have said, was to unite party and people. Since the founding of the party by Lenin it has consciously been a small group of professional revolutionaries. By occupying the key positions in Russia after the Revolution and by applying skillful propaganda and ruthless terror, it managed to take the fate of Russia into its hands. But it remained separated from the masses of the people by a deep gulf.

In the critical days of the late summer of 1941 it became urgently necessary to bring party and people closer together and, of course, at the same time to take measures to ensure that the supremacy of the party could not be jeopardized. It was the task of the party to convince the Russians that their interests were identical and to safeguard itself by gaining control over a growing number of new party members.

### JOIN THE PARTY!

Toward the end of September 1941 the importance of accepting new members for the party was pointed out at a meeting of the Moscow Party Committee. Since then a continuous campaign has been carried on for the winning of new members, and in radio reports and newspapers frequent accounts are given of the results.



Time is pressing. Hence today, in accepting new members for the party, the waiting periods formerly considered necessary are no longer strictly adhered to, nor is the genuineness of the communist conviction of the novices so closely examined. The Central Committee of the party issued a special ruling regarding the question of accepting soldiers who had distinguished themselves on the battlefield. According to this, the party organizations were empowered to accept soldiers who are candidates for party membership as full-fledged members after three months instead of after one year. For "war is the best test of men." But not only the bravest and ablest soldiers and officers are needed in the party; it was important that as many as possible of the hardest-working male and female workers, the most capable engineers and technicians, the most industrious peasants and peasant women should join. It would be suicide to do without such people in such desperate times; moreover it would be stupid to leave them to their own resources, for who knows what ideas they might get?

Many are applying for party membership. Once the notion that this was a people's war had penetrated into many heads through measures described in the first part of our article, the next logical step for them was to join the party, as only the party offered full scope for their energies in this war.

### THE SENSE OF DRAMA

So weighty an event as joining the party must, of course, be accordingly dressed up. So the Soviet Bureau of Information reported, for example, that in the last few days many soldiers have sent in their application for acceptance in the party immediately before a battle (as if it were a sacrificial act!) Even in the remotest districts, provision was made for a dramatic staging of the event. A report from Siberia said: "Blizzard. A forest. A company on the march halts. A party

meeting is held. Applications are read out which say: 'We want to weld our destiny to that of the Bolshevik Party.'" (3.1.42)

Or a girl was brought to the microphone, Anya Tuchkova. Anya said: "Our country is in danger. In this dark hour of our land I have decided to join the party. (The girl's voice became hoarse from emotion.) I am an industrious working girl. I know no fatigue. I do my work, I stay in the factory till my task is done, and I swear (Anya's voice broke)... and I swear that with my life and my death.... (Anya burst into sobs).... with my death, I will hold high the banner of the party." (13.11.41)

And the announcer closed the performance with the words (in ancient Greece it was the chorus which fulfilled this part of the drama): "Our ancestors were brave and courageous. For our country, for honor, for liberty, we too will fight bravely and courageously."

Of course the composition of the party itself is altered to a considerable degree by the numerous new members. The type of the old party fighter had already largely fallen victim to the "purges," and the Bolshevik spirit of the new members is extremely doubtful. Nevertheless the party can well afford to take this into the bargain. For the profits are undoubtedly bigger than this risk. It is probable that the party actually acquires the most capable engineers, the best workers, and the bravest soldiers.

### 4900 PERCENTERS

Much has been achieved in the last few months by the Bolshevik leadership through the consistent psychological belaboring of the population towards the three goals which we have described. But is this enough for the continuation of the war? In addition it was necessary to increase industrial and agricultural production in order to replace at least in part the losses of

the occupied zones in western Russia and the Ukraine.

Listening to the Russian programs of the Soviet transmitters one gains an impression of the innumerable methods by which this is to be achieved. New slogans abound by which the people are spurred on to ever greater efforts. There is, for example, a movement of the two hundred and three hundred percenters, that is, of those who accomplish two to three hundred per cent or more of the required work average (recently even a "four thousand nine hundred percenter" was mentioned, 5.1.42). Then there is the movement for voluntary Sunday work, that of the *mnogostanotchniki* (multi-workbenchers) who simultaneously run several work benches. And then there are the mobilization of women, girl, and child workers, measures for saving coal and oil, etc.

### AND THE RESULTS?

For military reasons the Soviet Union has for some time not issued production figures for the whole country, but the radio quite often reports partial results from individual industries and districts. For example, in connection with the Sixth Plenary Meeting of the Party Committee in Khabarovsk in December 1941 quite a lot was said about production in the Far East.

Taking the entire economy of the Far East, it seems that the quotas were at best just filled, and this in spite of all exhortations. At the same time the price attached to this squeezing-out of the utmost in work production is very high. To give to the two and three hundred percenters the opportunity of overfilling their quotas others must stand back in their production. Moreover it does not speak well for the average quotas if it is possible for individual workers to surpass them by two, three, or forty-nine times.

Much of what has been achieved during the last two months was at the

cost of the substance and cannot be repeated. For instance, one can collect scrap iron and used nails once or twice and use them again, or re-employ old tools and discarded spare parts. But the more thorough are such collections, for which children are now being employed, the fewer of these old things will there be to collect in the future. The more old spare parts are installed, the faster must the remaining good parts of the machine be worn out.

### HARROWS FOR TRACTORS

We have a similar picture in agriculture. The following was said of the district of Khabarovsk: "The majority of the *kolchosy* has not completed the plans for increased production." In itself this is not to be wondered at, for one can hardly expect agriculture to carry out plans for increased production which were made in the middle of the year. The question is whether the successes will be greater by next spring, and here considerable skepticism is justifiable. The main difficulty is the lack of tractive power. Almost all experienced tractor drivers had to be trained for tanks. The new ones are still inexperienced. It is becoming more and more difficult to obtain spare parts for tractors, as the industrial plants are in part in German-occupied territory, and had to switch to tank production. The supply of oil is also inadequate. Hence reports are becoming frequent that old-fashioned and primitive agricultural implements, such as hand plows and harrows—to which the modern Soviet Union felt itself so superior—must be put back into use. That again brings up another difficulty, the lack of horses, the number of which is hardly more than half of what it was before collectivization. Reports of cows being used as tractive power are increasing.

Every day the radio speaks about additional gifts of cattle and meat from the farms to the State. These collections go considerably beyond the natural increase, so that they are also made at the cost of the substance.

Hence the greatest danger, seen economically and psychologically, to the Soviet Union lies in the fact that she is living today almost entirely on her substance. And these losses in substance will, within the next few months, grow like an avalanche.

#### WHAT IS NOT MENTIONED

On many other points which are of burning interest to the world, the Russian radio and press are silent. For it there do not exist the tremendous problems and sufferings entailed by the flight and forced migration of countless millions from western and central Russia to the east and to Siberia. It does not speak of the victims of the war, unless they can be used to create feelings of revenge and hatred against Germany. It does not mention the grim terror and the frantic spy-hunting in the Soviet Union, nor the difficulties in caring for the sick and wounded. (And only those who in peace time have been patients in the best hospital of the Soviet Union in Moscow can imagine what the hundreds of thousands of wounded must go through in the disorganized hinterland of the war.) It says nothing about the forced moving into Siberia of half a million farmers of German descent, whose ancestors, at the time of Catherine the Great, settled on the Volga and who were making their living there as peaceful peasants. It hardly mentions the war in the Pacific.

It says nothing about the minority problem, today more important than ever, the significance of which we pointed out in the November issue of this magazine. The more nationalistically Russian the Bolsheviks are forced to behave (appealing to the Russian people with the ideas of Russian history and messiahship and emphasizing the indivisibility of the Empire in spite of its many national minorities), and the less they have to consider the already lost territories of the Ukraine and White Russia—the more they repel the remaining many millions of non-Russians in the USSR.

#### TO THOSE WHO REJOICE

This is the picture of Inside Russia. There are those who rejoice at this, who welcome every indication of continued Soviet resistance, and who hope for a final Soviet victory. There are also those who are willing to turn over Europe to Stalin as a reward for his sacrificing millions of Russians. To all of them two things should become clear from an examination of this picture of recent Soviet developments:

First, that this so-called national war is only an instrument for the support of Bolshevism, not a return to national Russia. The clever men in the Kremlin know that they must offer the Russian masses something if these are to be willing to bleed on the battlefields or starve in the evacuations. They treat the people like an emotional woman, whom they try with all their cunning to make compliant to their wishes. They themselves follow very definite aims. But they know they cannot tell her that. She must be won by stirring and dramatic words. A victorious Stalin would sit more firmly than ever in the saddle and would soon forget the old Tsarist Guards and the icons in the corner of the peasant's hut. If the Soviet Union of today really were a national Russia, as Stalin would have the world believe, Germany would long since have made peace with her, for the last thing Germany desired was a national war against the Russian people.

Secondly, that a Bolshevik victory would signify the Bolshevization of Europe. What that means can only be fully grasped by those who have lived in the Soviet Union during the last twenty-four years, or in the Baltic States in 1940. But even those who have not should comprehend that in a Bolshevik Europe—and who but the German Army can now prevent the Bolshevization of Europe?—neither De Gaulle nor Queen Wilhelmina, nor the other shadow figures in London, nor the European and Russian emigrants, will have anything to say.



### THE SKY IS THE LIMIT

Those who believe that Stalin with his wiles wants to force the Russian people to fight only against the German Army, are mistaken. It is true that at first the feelings of hatred and revenge being fanned were directed against the German Army only. But lately they have been given much wider scope. In the discussion of the Molotov Note concerning the alleged German atrocities, the following was declared on January 6, 1942:

"We shall settle accounts, not only with those who rob our people, but also with those who make use of the plunder. All German women wearing such things should not forget that they will have to pay for them. And they will have to pay a price that will go many times beyond the market price of those articles . . . . Terrible retaliation will be meted out."

The Red Kremlin can speak frankly since it has been accepted as an equal partner by the Anglo-Saxon powers, since the Soviet flag has been raised on official buildings in Washington and London and telegrams of congratulation were dispatched to Stalin by shortsighted kings.

\* \* \*

In the picture that we have drawn in this article from the Soviet press and the daily broadcasts of Soviet stations, there is nothing to rejoice about, for any one. For it preludes the terrible tragedy of a great nation.

Here is what may happen: the Russians, with their proud history and cultural traditions, with their magnificent literature and music, and with the promise of great contributions in the future—this nation, including its refugees, is in danger of becoming the willing tool of Bolshevism as the victim of a crafty plan. Day and night its deepest and most sacred emotions are

being artfully provoked, hammered, and forged in order to bring the beating of its heart into a perfectly planned rhythm. Dazzled by the unexpected gift of national and holy phrases, intoxicated by streams of its own and foreign blood, driven wild by the ruins of a vast destruction, it is in danger, after twenty-four years of suffering resistance, of being finally harnessed to Bolshevism for the purposes of the World Revolution.

If this development continues, it will lead to sacrifices on the part of the Russian people that can never be replaced. Germany must wage this war to its end as long as Russia is a tool of Bolshevism. Today it is that more than it has ever been since November 1917. The more the Kremlin succeeds in identifying the Russian people with Bolshevism, the bloodier must the Russian losses be. Making use of the winter months, Germany—no longer under-rating the Red armies—is preparing for the spring with the resources of all Europe at her disposal. What we shall probably witness soon will be an all-out attack against a Russia already terribly weakened by losses in men, land, and industries.

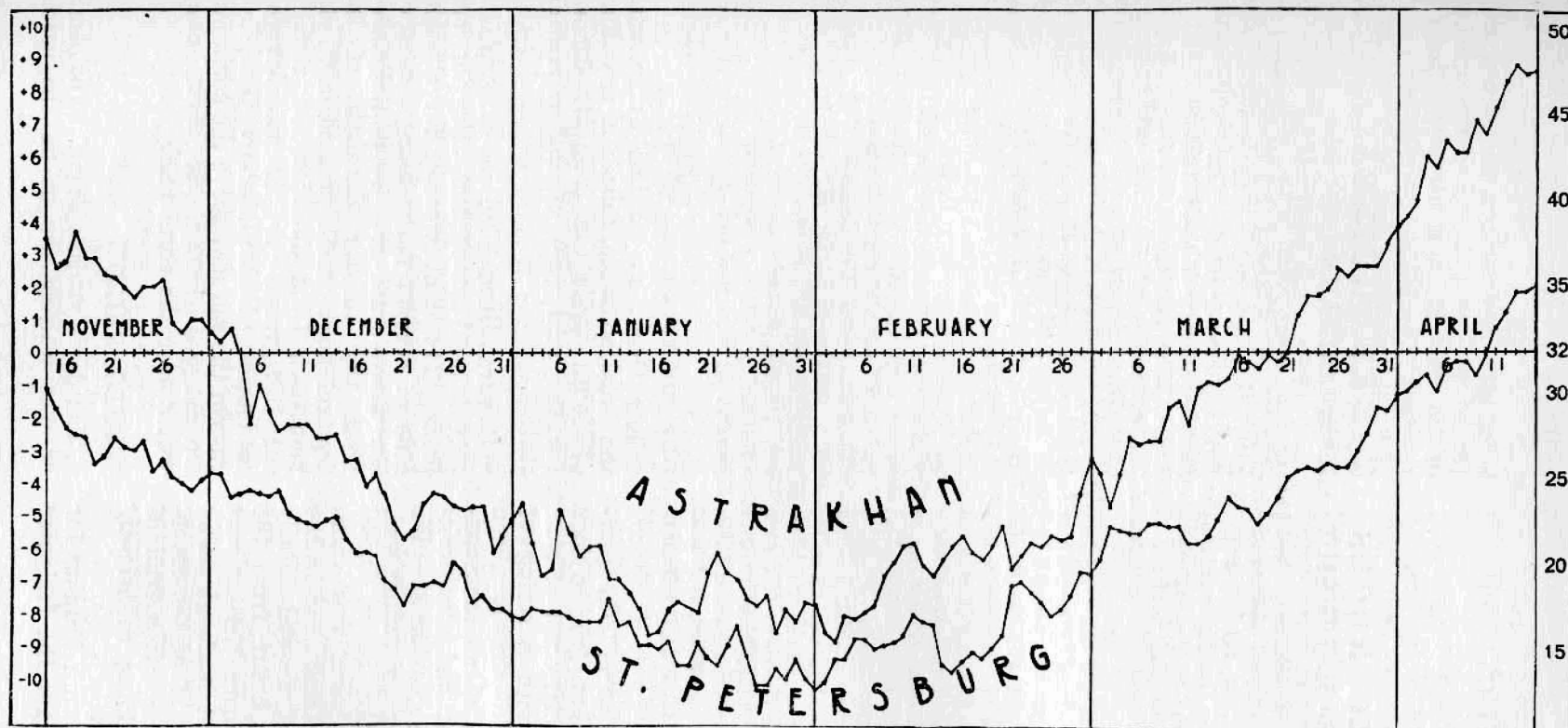
The final outcome can, in the light of the successes of the German armies in the years 1939-41, scarcely be doubtful. Even the Allies in London and Washington will hardly entertain any false hopes on that account. For England continues to fight today with her confidence not in Stalin but in Roosevelt.

Whoever collaborates in this fiction of a Russian national war and propagates it, falls victim to wishful thinking or Soviet propaganda. He takes a share in the responsibility of spreading a dreadful bacillus and dragging the Russian people into a catastrophe which has no equivalent in European history and which is deserved only by the present leaders of the Russian population.

Centigrade

## THE RUSSIAN WINTER

Fahrenheit



On December 17, 1941 the Führer's Headquarters announced "the change-over from attack to trench warfare during the winter months." Since then the German-Soviet war has been dominated by the Russian winter.

The question in many people's minds is: how long is the winter going to last? Nobody can predict with exactness the length of *this* winter, because each year the winter in Russia, as everywhere else, follows its own laws. What we can do is to examine the course of the *average* Russian winter.

In the chart above we present the graphs of the average temperatures for the cities of St. Petersburg and Astrakhan. The theater of war lies roughly between these two cities. However, it should be observed that the temperatures in Central Russia are

usually several degrees below those of St. Petersburg, where the climate is under the moderating influence of the Baltic Sea.

As our figures represent the average temperature for 24 hours, the absolute temperatures in many cases are much lower, falling as low as forty or fifty degrees Fahrenheit below zero. But what is important in our chart is not so much the figure for each day as the general trend of the sub-freezing curve from November to April with its lowest point around February 1.

To reduce Centigrade to Fahrenheit, multiply by 9, divide by 5, and add 32. 0° Centigrade corresponds to 32° Fahrenheit, and minus 10° Centigrade to 14° Fahrenheit.

The figures are taken from the Yearly Almanac of P.O. Yablonsky, St. Petersburg, 1897.

## SUPERCARGOES IN NEW GUINEA

By H. SCHMIDT AND S. LOHMANN

*The war is constantly catapulting new geographical areas into the consciousness of newspaper readers. Truly deserving the name "World War," the present conflict is reaching into regions hitherto known only to a few planters and traders, explorers or missionaries.*

*During the last few days the Japanese forces have occupied Rabaul, until recently the capital of the Territory of New Guinea, and the Australian Government has announced the evacuation of Lae, the new capital, and of Madang.*

*New Guinea was discovered by the white man early in the sixteenth century and named after Guinea in West Africa which, the first explorers thought, it resembled. For a long time a bone of contention between the Dutch and the English East India Companies, it finally became the colonial possession of three European powers, Holland (the western half), Germany (the northern section of the eastern half—called Kaiser Wilhelm Land—with the Bismarck Archipelago and Rabaul as capital), and Great Britain, or rather Australia (the southern portion of the eastern half, called Territory of Papua). After the Great War the German colony became a mandate of Australia and the main islands were renamed New Britain (with Rabaul) and New Ireland. In April 1921 all Germans were deported. In the words of the latest edition of the excellent "Pacific Islands Year-Book" (Sydney, 1939, p. 267): "The Germans lost everything, but they never whimpered."*

*Our two authors have known New Guinea for years as supercargoes of Melchers & Co., a firm with headquarters in Shanghai and branches from Kansu to the Solomon Islands.*

*To follow their story please consult our map on page 152.—K.M.*

### DAWN

"Five minutes next port!" the quartermaster called out at four o'clock one morning, off the east coast of New Guinea. A pinnace with a string of five whaleboats had already been lowered down the side of our thousand-ton tub of a freighter and was waiting for us in the darkness. We scrambled down the rope ladder and, with a loud bang, the heavy Diesel engine started. The sea was calm, the full moon was shining, and in the far distance the coast showed faintly as a dark shadow, not far from the white line of surf where the sea was breaking on the coral reef, gleaming fantastically in the light of the moon. Behind us our pinnace left a trail of phosphorescence, sparkling as brightly as the Southern Cross.

The plantation we were heading for was too small to warrant the freighter

calling there, so we had to go with the whaleboats to collect a few tons of copra while the freighter headed for the next port of call, a mission station.

Towards dawn hundreds of porpoises played in front of and alongside our boats. The light green of the straight lines of coconut palms along a strip of the shore could now be distinguished from the sinister darkness of the tropical bush which pressed in on the plantation from all sides and rose in the background to the cloud-capped mountains of the interior. The first rays of the sun shot above the horizon as we chugged through the crystal-clear water over the coral reef.

### "SAILO, SAILO"

The day's routine began. The planter was waiting for us on the beach.



We had to jump into the water and wade the last few yards. The copra, already packed, was quickly loaded into the boats by black Kanakas. They were of fine stature, clad only in a red *lap lap*, some with bright hibiscus flowers in their woolly hair.

By eight o'clock our job was finished. Our pinnace pulled the heavily laden cargo boats and followed the coast, which was densely planted with coconut palms. The sun began to blaze down on us. The planter seemed to enjoy the opportunity of traveling with us to the nearest mission station, hardly large enough to be called a village. On these lonely plantations, where for weeks on end most of the planters see no one but their native workers, it is a welcome diversion to have visitors. One can readily understand the feeling of excitement that comes over the planter when, early in the morning, his *koon*s (pidgin for Kanakas) herald the approach of a ship with their chant of "sailo, sailo, one fellow sailo he come up." It means not only business for him but newspapers for a whole month, the mail, an opportunity to talk something other than pidgin for a whole day, and—an ice-cooled drink or two.

As all planters do now, he complained. A planter's life was not easy. In the beginning of New Guinea's colonial history, land could be bought for almost nothing, for the Kanakas were glad to get tobacco or tools for it without realizing the value involved in this barter. The first settlers cleared the bush and laid out their plantations in the years 1880 to 1900. While waiting for the trees to grow to maturity they paid their expenses by hunting birds of paradise, which, as a result, have now almost been exterminated in the regions near the coast. In the end the government prohibited the export of these feathers. At the same time the demand was also greatly reduced, since fashion no longer required women to wear these beautiful feathers on their hats. These easy times are now a thing of the past.

### COPRA'S UPS AND DOWNS

Today most of the plantations belong to one or the other of the two big Australian concerns with head offices in Sydney and branch offices all over the territory, who, with their own fleet of small freighters, maintain a service from Rabaul to their scattered possessions. However, there are still a number of independent plantations, mostly owned by Australian veterans of the Great War to whom they were leased under a government scheme during the years 1920-22. A few have been able to make something out of this opportunity. At a time when copra fetched £30 to £40 a ton and brought a profit of almost £20, they repaid their loans and made the plantations their own. But most of them were not suited to the peculiarities of a planter's life, which, apart from hard physical labor, requires a certain knack in dealing with the natives. They very soon got themselves heavily into debt with the "two big ones" (W. R. Carpenter & Co. and Burns, Philp & Co., nicknamed after their initials "We Rob Christ" and "Bloody Pirates.") They were then faced, as was our planter, with the choice of continuing to run their places themselves and delivering their products to their creditors at fixed prices usually below market value, or of selling their plantations outright.

Until the thirties coconut oil, extracted from copra in Europe and America, fetched quite handsome prices. As most of the fledgling plantation owners had taken on the job with a view to making money quickly enough to enable them to return to civilization in Australia before the tropical climate got them, no particular efforts were made to develop anything but coconut plantations on a big scale. This proved disastrous to the small individual plantations when, during the years before the outbreak of the present war, competition by the cheaper whale, cottonseed, and soya oil forced copra prices down to a level which barely paid plantation expenses, let alone interest on loans and mortgages.

Market Quotations for Hot-Air Dried Copra,  
per ton cif London (from the *Pacific Island*  
*Monthly*, April 1941)

January	1932	£14.15.0
"	1933	13.12.6
"	1934	8. 7.6
"	1935	10. 5.0
"	1936	14. 0.0
"	1937	23.12.6
"	1938	13.12.6
"	1939	10.10.0
"	1940	13. 5.0
April	1940	12.17.6

Only then did planters realize how dangerous it had been to rely solely on their copra production, and experiments were begun particularly with coffee, cocoa, and kapok. For the cultivation of these products the climate proved beneficial, and the low intelligence of the native labor was sufficient. While a coconut palm needs about seven years to grow to maturity, it takes a like number of years before cocoa or coffee yield any substantial crop. It therefore takes quite some time before worth-while production in these fields can be expected.

#### KANAKAS AND CANNIBALS

The backwardness of the natives, our planter claimed, is the chief handicap in the development of these vast, as yet barely touched territories with their rich volcanic soil and comparatively favorable climate. The natives of the Mandate of New Guinea (consisting of the northeastern part of the island of New Guinea, the islands of New Britain, New Ireland, Bougainville, and the Admiralty Islands), as well as of Papua and the British Solomon Islands belong to the Melanesian race. This race is related to the aborigines of Australia and, like them, has in its civilization not progressed beyond the Stone Age. Native labor can therefore only be utilized for the roughest of manual work on the plantations, in the gold fields, on board the coastal vessels, etc. Positions such as overseer on a big plantation or clerk in an office or store have to be given to Chinese, Malaysians, or half-castes, as very few Kanakas can be taught to read and write. As far as her native population is concerned, New Guinea cannot

compare with the South Sea islands to the east of her, such as Samoa, Hawaii etc., with their beautiful Polynesian races; nor can she compare with her western neighbors in the Dutch East Indies with their ancient cultures.

Vast parts of the territory are still unexplored, particularly the mountainous interior of New Guinea proper, which, with its 312,000 square miles, is the second largest island in the world after Greenland and nearly three times the size of the Philippines. Estimates of the native population are more or less guesswork and vary between one and five millions. The natives are split up into innumerable small tribes of a few hundred souls each, with all shades of colors from chocolate brown to ebony black. Nearly every tribe has a distinct dialect all its own. It can happen that tribes only twenty or thirty miles apart may not be able to understand one another.

In Papua the government has tried to introduce one of the local native dialects as the official language in communications with the natives. Everywhere else pidgin English has become the universal tongue, even among the *koon*s themselves if they happen to belong to different tribes. This pidgin is composed, apart from English, of smatterings of German, Malayan, Chinese, and native words. It has developed almost into a language in itself, and is taught as such to the natives at the mission schools. The missions have even developed a proper grammar, dictionary, etc. for it.

Going ashore again at Rabaul after one of the monthly trips through the islands, we would say, for example: "Me fellow raus 'em ship. Me fellow go Kong Kong. 'Em he cut 'em grass belong top belong me." This means that we would leave the ship to go to the Chinese barber to have a haircut.

The territory is zoologically surprisingly bare and there are not even any monkeys. It is to the lack of game that some scientists attribute the practice of cannibalism as it undoubtedly used to flourish in New Guinea,

particularly in the inland regions away from the sea and its abundance of fish. Even nowadays, although the government is taking strong measures against it, cases of cannibalism have sometimes been reported from some of the more remote parts.

#### OF CHINESE AND SHARK FINS

Our planter complained bitterly about being no longer allowed to engage Chinese labor as he had been able to do under the German administration before the Great War. (Only in Papua has the immigration of Oriental races always been prohibited.) The Australian administration stopped this in order to check the further influx of Asiatics. Chinese laborers, brought in on contract from Asia, had proved very reliable, and many improvements on the plantations could be carried out with them which now remained neglected. The planter would have counted himself happy to have just one Chinese as a foreman, who could also assist him in his small trade store (carried on at every plantation) and thus increase his trade, or help him to go out fishing *bêche-de-mer*. This is a sea cucumber, or trepang, sold at very high prices to China, where it serves to flavor many a Cantonese dish and is much sought after as a delicacy. But in order to obtain the full price it has to be cleaned and dried very carefully. As a rule the greater part of a good catch is lost by being improperly cured, merely because of the aggravating fact that the natives cannot be trained to take the proper care of it.

Many of these formerly indentured Chinese remained in the country after the expiration of their contracts and started businesses of their own as small traders, carpenters, craftsmen, and even plantation owners. Due to their modest way of living, keen business instinct, and dogged perseverance they soon prospered, and even now represent a very strong element. Some of them today are among the wealthiest citizens of New Guinea, being the biggest exporters of ivory nut, trepang, trocas shell, shark fins, croco-

dile skins, and other products collected and sold to them by the natives.

Although no further Asiatics were permitted to enter the country under the new immigration laws, Chinese influence remains very strong, as the old families are now "residents" and their generally numerous offspring have to be granted the same rights. We have here the same problem of overseas Chinese that is found in the Straits and the Malay States. The streets of Chinatown at Rabaul or Madang are filled with the restless activities of the Sons of Han.

While we were still talking about the Chinese question a mighty schooner passed us, showing the house flag of Ah Tam, the largest Chinese hong at Rabaul, heavily laden with copra from one of its own large plantations. The white ship stood out splendidly against the deep blue sea under the bright sun.

#### PLANTERS AND PADRES

All along the coast one copra plantation followed another. They all looked alike, with their high trees planted in straight rows, each tree thirty feet from the next, on the narrow strip of flat land between the sea and the mountains. Separating them were small plots of virgin forest consisting mainly of softwood. Here and there huge callafillum and other trees towered above the jungle, indicating valuable timber. Owing to the high cost of transportation, however, it has been impossible to export these fine-grained timbers in competition with other wood-exporting countries. But if one day our poor world should be able to afford more luxuries, these trees might be brought to Europe and America for use in furniture or paneling.

By the time we reached the freighter anchored off the mission station it was almost noon. We were all relieved to get off the sun-baked pinnacle and back on board, but the happiest of all was our planter. The first thing he did was to call for a cold beer, a treat he had long gone without on his lonely plantation. He even forgot his grudge against the missionaries and good-



humoredly joined the company of some padres who stayed on board for lunch. Like all the other planters, traders, and miners, he maintained that the missions, with the aid of the labor of unpaid native converts, constitute an unfair competition, and are ruining the native trade by giving away presents of trade goods to any native who shows willingness to be converted. There was much in what the planter said. The missions, because of their larger output, are also often able to have larger and better technical equipment, especially drying kilns, and in this way save expenses.

### HANDLING THE NUTS

The work itself is similar on all plantations. The ripe nuts fallen off the trees are collected, the hard outer husk is split with an axe, and the soft inner flesh then cut into small slices with long knives. Most of this work is done by natives in a squatting position, with the nut held between the feet. Immediately after slicing, the pulp is sent into the drying chamber, which is heated either by pipes or an open fire. "Smoked copra," the finished product of the latter process, is about ten shillings to £1 per ton lower in price than the "hot-air" or "sun-dried" quality. The two latter are equal in quality, but sun-dried copra requires a great deal of attention during the drying process in the open air in order to avoid damage by sudden showers of rain. Hence most planters now produce only hot-air copra. All work is done in shelters open on all sides. Incidentally, if a bag falls into the sea while being loaded, the copra can be easily re-dried without any harm to its quality, whereas copra dampened by rain spoils immediately. Smoked copra is used mainly in Marseilles for the manufacture of the famous French soaps. Hot-air and sun-dried copra is shipped to Europe as well as to the United States to be turned into margarine and other edible fats.

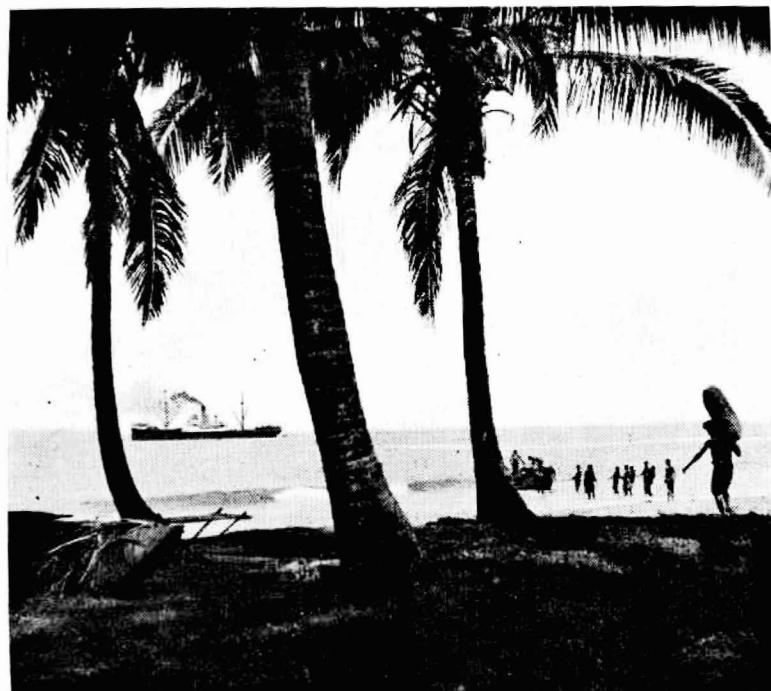
The mission where we stayed also maintains a large timber mill. Here all the wood for the various stations in the interior is sawn, furniture is

made, and large quantities of timber cut in even lengths are sold to the planters. The mission runs efficient workshops of all kinds, from shoemaking and tailoring to carpenter and machine repair shops, forges, slipways, and airplane hangars. Each is under the supervision of lay brothers who were experts in their particular trade before they joined the Society.

The proceeds of these side lines go a long way towards supporting the mission work, which is not limited to spreading the Gospel but includes educating the native population. Elementary schools have been established by most missions, which also have small printing plants of their own for the printing of all their schoolbooks. Even the Bible is published in beautiful pidgin English, profusely illustrated with pictures. But whenever we asked the Fathers for a copy they smilingly refused, explaining that they did not like this Bible to leave the country, knowing full well the chuckles it would cause in countries of more advanced civilization.

### SING-SING

While waiting for the loading to be completed we went to watch a "sing-sing" in the neighborhood. The occasion was some tribal festival. There were dancing, plays, and feasts of fruit and roast pig which smolder for days under hot stones wrapped in banana leaves. Long before we reached the village we could hear the tom-toms beating. As we approached, one group was dancing, stamping the ground monotonously and at the same time singing a strange melody, rising and falling and consisting only of a few notes. The others sat round and beat out the time of the dance on tom-toms with the palms of their hands. The natives had painted their black bodies with light clay and a design of small white circles. They wore beautiful grass skirts which moved up and down in time with the rhythm. Round their necks they wore long strings of dogs' teeth and beads, some with plaques of fish bones in front. The most fantastic



NEW GUINEA  
Land of  
Copra and Kanakas

Loading copra. The freighter drifts offshore, as the water is too deep for anchoring, while a whaleboat is being loaded from the beach

A coconut plantation on the coast of New Guinea. On the right can be seen the huts of the native laborers, built of *kunai*, a palm tree widely used for construction work





The coconut grove of a copra plantation. The huge palms are planted thirty feet apart

### New Guinea's Coconuts . . .

Finschhafen. The trade store and landing stage of one of the largest missions in New Guinea. The irregular grouping of the coconut palms shows that they are older than the plantation





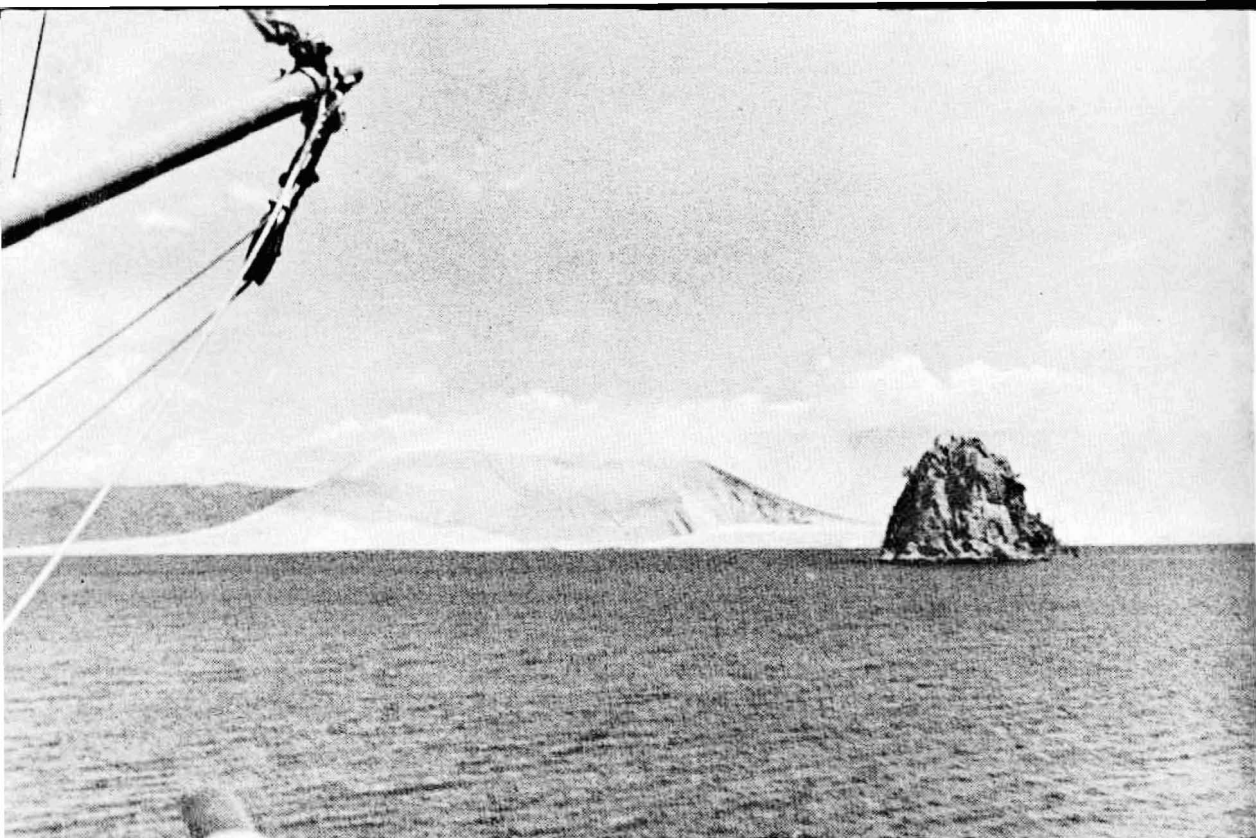


Natives watching the loading of copra. They belong to the Melanesian race and have none of the beauty of the Polynesians inhabiting Hawaii, Tahiti, etc. The little islands in the background are all part of a coral reef embracing the lagoon

### ... and Kanakas

A "sing-sing." The Kanakas of the plantation love to perform the old native dances which remind them of their faraway villages. The bicycle in the background is a much-prized sign of civilization

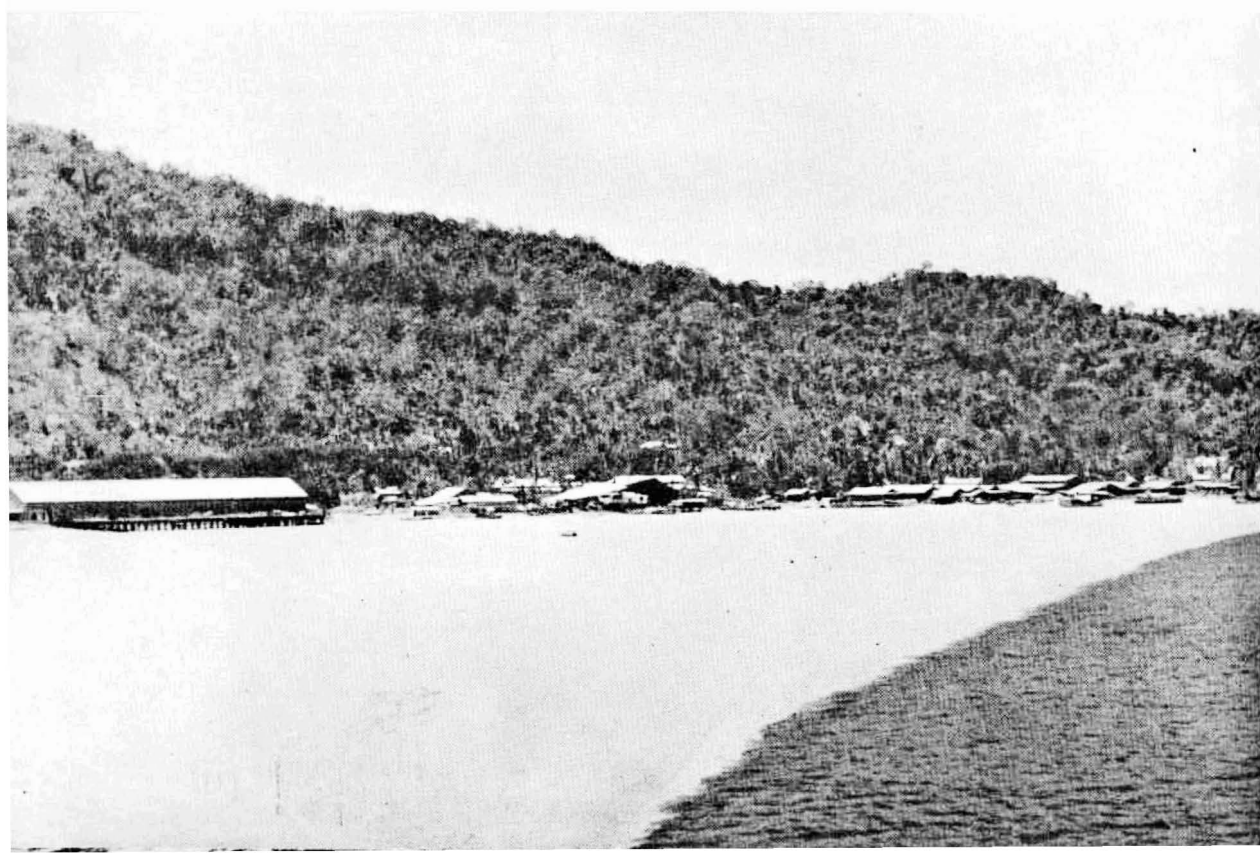




Vulcan Island, nicknamed the "Bastard", in Rabaul. It rose to a height of 600 feet during the violent eruption of May 29, 1937. In the right foreground one of the "Beehives," a landmark left by a previous earthquake

## An Island is Born

Rabaul harbor one year after the eruption of Vulcan Island and Matupi. Most of the surface is still covered with floating pumice, only the right-hand corner showing open water



head ornaments were those decorated with golden birds of paradise and gray-blue wood pigeon tails. The sun was high, the heat almost unbearable. But the Kanakas did not feel it. They thought of their faraway native villages, almost forgotten after years of working for the white men.

The tom-toms were still beating, the strange song going on and on, when we finally left for the beach and the soothing shadow of the tall coconut palms. With the setting sun a cool breeze came up. We looked out to the blue sea rolling in great waves against the beach, while now and then the tom-tom grew louder, stopped suddenly, then slowly started again with the same rhythm. Strange country under the tropical sun.

#### OLD MAC THE RECRUITER

The sun was almost touching the summit of the hills behind the mission when the loading was finished. The Captain was in a hurry to get clear of the lagoon and the outer reefs before darkness fell and navigation became dangerous. The crew had already loosened one of the ropes from the palm tree which served as a mooring when a loud voice called out: "Hey there, wait for us!" and a small sinewy white man came running along, twelve bush Kanakas in his wake. They wanted to be taken to Salamaua. It was "Old Mac," the recruiter, prospector, adventurer, and all the other things one could be around here. We had heard a lot of gossip about him but never met him as his work kept him in the bush.

The plantations and mining companies place their orders for native labor with professional recruiters. On expeditions through the interior, often lasting several weeks, the recruiter goes from village to village. Against the payment of trade goods he obtains from the *Tul Tuls* (village chiefs) the right to take along with him to the coast a few of the young men of the village. On arrival at a government station on the coast, the string of fifty, sixty, or even a hundred natives

thus collected is inspected by a medical officer. If found fit the natives may be signed on for a labor contract, usually for a period of three years.

#### INDENTURED LABOR

A native gets from six to twelve shillings a month, half of which is paid in cash while the balance must be paid in one sum at the end of the term. In addition to this the requirements of the native have to be supplied by the employer in accordance with government regulations. Among these requirements are a box of matches per week, tobacco, old newspapers (which they cannot read but appreciate as "paper belong smoke," valued higher than the best French cigarette paper), a spoon, a rice bowl, a wooden box for his belongings, a certain quantity of rice and corned beef or canned fish per week, a woollen blanket, and his *lap lap* which consists of a yard and a half of cheap cotton cloth per month.

For a signed-on native the recruiter gets between Australian £8 and £10 per head delivered at the plantation, the price depending on the distance between the plantation and the center of recruiting and the rules of demand and supply. When his contract is up the native has to be sent back to his village at the expense of his employer, unless, as is often the case, he is willing to make a new contract for another two or three years.

This system of indentured labor, under which some thirty to forty thousand *koon*s are working, has its drawbacks. For the duration of the contract the best young men of the tribes have to live away from their womenfolk. This not only raises a number of moral problems on the plantations but may even in the long run endanger the propagation of the whole tribe. For this reason the government from time to time closes certain areas for recruiting. The same measure may also be taken by the government if in a certain area recruiters have been attacked or, as happens now and again, even killed by the natives. No white men except government patrols with



a native police troop may then enter these areas.

Old Mac found his business quite profitable, better than copra planting. But not everybody would like it. His "laborers" were gruesome-looking creatures, with long sticks piercing their nostrils, dressed only in a scanty grass skirt and adorned by woven bracelets. They were dirty and looked undernourished. Before being able to do any plantation work they would have to be properly fed for about six months. It was amazing to compare them with those of their brothers who had spent several years on a plantation or one of the large mission stations. But the Captain was glad to earn some extra fares by having a few more deck passengers, and we all knew we could count on Mac for an interesting evening.

"Half speed astern" we slowly steamed out, turning between the reef and the shore. The water was almost three hundred feet deep here, but so clear that one could see every pebble on the bottom and strange-looking fish darting about. As we passed the last small islands covered with wild coconut palms, the sun set, and darkness fell at once. The moon rose, flooding the coast with an unreal light. The Southern Cross was directly ahead of us as we slowly steamed out.

### GOLD

We all met again near the Captain's cabin on deck and after a few bottles of beer old Mac began talking about his last trip. He spoke about the growing difficulties in finding natives willing to work, about gold, and his experiences of long ago when the fields were first explored. Although we had had plenty of adventure ourselves, we found his tales fascinating.

Well before the outbreak of the Great War the German Government was fully informed concerning the gold deposits in the interior. However, the mountain ranges running parallel to the coast made it seem more than doubtful whether it would ever become profitable to work the deposits. It took ten days to

a fortnight to cross these heights and valleys through dense bush and unfriendly native tribes, with an expedition of Kanakas carrying mining equipment as well as food requirements for several weeks. Nevertheless prospecting was started. Together with other Australian gold miners Mac was engaged by the Germans to prospect in this territory. But the Great War soon put an end to their endeavors.

After the war the colony came under Australian administration as a mandate of the League of Nations. Mac and his friends started out again on their own initiative. But for years they hardly washed enough gold to pay for their expenses and the food of their native workmen, which they had to bring from the coast to Mount Kaindy, where the existence of gold was suspected. There appeared to be almost no hope of striking large deposits, and in the end the old reports were believed to have been faked, till one day came the great turning-point. This is how Mac told it:

### "THE BIG SIX"

Six of Mac's friends had pooled all their belongings in order to finance their adventure, as expenses were too high for a single prospector, but even their joint efforts seemed to be in vain. Disappointed, on the verge of starvation, and without any further means, they finally decided to return to the coast. It was on the last day before setting out on their long way back to the coast. One of them, to have a last look at the vast mountains that had promised so much and held so little, climbed up one of the hills. So exhausted was he that he could hardly manage to reach the top. Here and there he held on to a root or tuft of grass, when suddenly one of them gave way and he fell. As he was picking himself up with aching bones he saw, where the root had been torn out and had bared the rock, pure gold glittering in the last rays of the sun creeping over Mount Kaindy. Within his reach lay nuggets bigger than he had ever found or even seen. Forgetting all weariness he called ex-

citedly to his pals, and in the fading light they collected the treasure which had revealed itself in this strange way. They had stumbled on one of the richest deposits ever to be discovered.

Rumors about the "Big Six" soon spread. More prospectors came into this area. Some of them became rich, but most of them struggled without success, for the difficulties of traveling into the interior still remained. The road which the government planned to build has not materialized to this day.

Inspired by an unending supply of beer, Mac went on for hours spinning his yarn of how the "Big Six" spent their immense fortunes. He painted colorful pictures of the beauty of the interior, where birds of paradise play in the morning sun and wood pigeons softly call to one another.

Tonight Mac was just as poor as when he started to look for gold. His search for it may have been fascinating enough at the time, but he as well as others could not hold out against the large companies. For it soon became evident that, except for a few lucky spots, small-scale hand-sluicing by individual miners could hardly pay, whereas the ground was rich enough to be worked by dredges and other machinery.

#### *FLIGHT TO GOLD*

The development of the gold fields on a large scale did not begin until the late twenties, when one of the big companies brought German Junkers planes into the territory. It now became possible to fly to the gold fields from the coast in a mere forty minutes. These planes made it possible to bring in sufficient supplies, and they were sturdy enough to withstand the torrential tropical rains and to remain on the field without the protection of a hangar.

We had frequently flown from Salamaua to Wau, the center of the Morobe gold fields. The first time had been in 1933. By then several new aviation companies had been founded, and their keen competition had resulted in reducing the freight rate from one shilling to fourpence per pound for

ordinary goods and threepence for rice. The amount of freight increased every day and the flights showed a good profit even at these reduced charges. On the other hand it did not contribute to the comfort of the flight for passengers.

The planes were as a rule loaded to capacity with rice. All the seats had been taken out, but nobody seemed to mind and we gladly paid £5 for what was aptly called a passage and not a seat to Wau. We would be able to make up for this high price on the return trip, for then we would be charged only £1.10. Space is scarce on the way up to the gold fields, since every single thing has to be brought up by plane, but there is ample room on the way back, as there is hardly ever any cargo for the coast.

Sitting on a fat bag of rice we looked down on forests and nothing but forests covering every hill and valley, like huge waves of a green sea. To build a motor road through this country must cost millions, and one can easily understand the fact that, here in one of the world's remotest places, the world's record has been established for air-borne freight counted in tons per mile of air route.

#### *THEY HAVE GOLD— NOW THEY WANT OIL*

The airfield of Wau is notorious for its slope. All planes have to land here uphill and take off downhill, regardless of the direction of the wind. Nevertheless there have been no accidents, and the Australian pilots consider landing here mere child's play after the handkerchief fields further in the interior with much steeper slopes.

At Wau everything costs exactly twice as much as at the coast—the hotel, the drinks, the food—but nobody cares. The gold pays for it. Trucks run on the rough motor roads of the small settlement that has quickly developed 3,500 feet up in the mountains. Wherever there are Australians, there must be horse-racing. So race horses were also flown up—one more chance to spend the gold!

Another plane takes one from Wau to Bulolo, the seat of a large gold-mining company. Flying along the Bulolo river the country below looks like a well-plowed field, with the long ridges made by the dredges showing up plainly. The huge dredges, all of which were brought up in sections (the heaviest pieces weighing four tons) form a most impressive sight. They were specially constructed to be transported by air. Here in the wilderness is to be found a most efficient and up-to-date gold-washing plant. In spite of high transportation charges, it works so profitably that even now the gold is still only washed out by water. The mining company does not bother to treat the tailings by a chemical process, which has to be done in poorer districts in order to make it worth while. The total annual production of the Morobe fields rose from Australian £190,000 in 1929 to over £2,000,000 in 1937.

Having found gold, the people of New Guinea started to look for oil. The Oil Search Ltd., an Australian concern, began systematic oil prospecting in Papua in 1936 and in the Mandated Territory of New Guinea in 1938. The work was carried out on a large scale, with money apparently no object. The whole territory of Papua, for example, was re-charted by aerophotography for this purpose. In view of the fact that this charting can only be done on clear days and with the sun at a certain angle, this is rather a costly undertaking. No results had been achieved by 1939, but prospecting was carried on in high hopes.

### *LET'S MOVE THE CAPITAL*

The whole aspect of New Guinea has been changed by the gold fields, and for many years the demand has been made that the seat of administration be transferred from Rabaul, on the island of New Britain, to the mainland of New Guinea. Wau offered an excellent climate but was difficult of access, being situated in the mountains; Salamaua offered no space for civic development, and its harbor was

limited in its capacity; Madang further north was considered too far away from the gold fields; Lae, next to Salamaua the main port, had only a few houses and did not look very attractive in comparison with the old settlement of Rabaul with its Mango Avenue and Malaguna Road. In the end nobody seemed particularly keen to leave Rabaul, and the government stayed where it was, in the old center laid out by the Germans, which offered such an attractive view with its large harbor, green gardens, and the high mountains embracing the town.

Discussing the best location for the capital was one of the favorite pastimes of New Guineans. The subject came up that night with Mac. Some ardently defended Rabaul, others attacked it. The chief argument of those in favor of moving the capital was, of course, its present location near dangerous volcanoes.

Rabaul harbor is actually nothing but the drowned crater of a prehistoric volcano of enormous size, one part of whose wall has caved in to form the entrance to the harbor. The remainder of this crater wall is a semi-circle forming a narrow peninsula, on the inside of which, almost at its tip, is situated the town of Rabaul. It is overshadowed by the Mother and Two Daughters, three extinct volcanoes. Some two miles away from Rabaul, a comparatively small volcano, Matupi, is still active and emits sulphur fumes.

Once a conversation had reached this point, there would always be someone who insisted on relating his experiences on May 29, 1937. This time it was a government official who was traveling with us to inspect the copra before shipment and to look after the welfare of native laborers.

### *THE BIRTH OF THE BASTARD*

"It was a pleasant and sunny Saturday afternoon," he said, "about four o'clock, just when the usual week-end games of cricket, baseball, and tennis were about to begin. Suddenly our attention was distracted by the sight of wisps of steam which were begin-



ning to rise from the water near the harbor entrance. While we were watching we heard the first explosions of a new volcano erupting from the harbor bed, throwing solid rocks, stones, and hot pumice dust into the air, but no flowing lava. At first the wind blew the dust away from the town, but it changed very quickly, and before sunset the whole town, about three miles away, was completely in darkness and choked in dust. The dust settled all over the place in a layer eight or nine inches deep, and completely ruined the coconut plantations near by, as it decapitated the palms by its weight. In addition to the roar of the eruption and the earth tremors, there was incessant thunder and lightning and torrential rain. It was a terrible sight, such as I never hope to see again. And that was not all. On top of all this inferno, the Matupi crater also began to erupt the next day.

"The population of about a thousand whites and Chinese and several thousand natives was caught on the end of the peninsula as the eruption occurred near its base. Luckily on Sunday they could be picked up by some liners which had been summoned by wireless. They were taken to the Catholic mission some twenty miles away. It was amazing with what efficiency and speed the mission organized the care of this unexpected influx of several thousand people.

"By Monday everything was over and things were quiet again. But we Rabaulites had to get used to the sight of a new mountain at our doorstep, which had, within forty-eight hours, risen from the water to a height of some six hundred feet and had a diameter of three to six miles. With all this going on right next to Mother and Daughters, the landmarks of Rabaul, while Father and Son, another group of volcanoes, are way down the west coast of New Britain, what else could we do but call this new and troublesome child the 'Bastard'?

"Some five hundred natives, poor devils, were caught right at the point of the eruption, but otherwise no lives were lost. Except for broken-down

trees and thousands of tons of dust all over everything, very little serious damage had been caused in Rabaul itself, and normal life was soon resumed. For several months the harbor remained choked with a layer of floating pumice dust a foot deep, until this too gradually disappeared with the change of the trade winds.

"The tropics with their unquenchable power of rejuvenation restored Rabaul's beautiful dark-green setting within a few weeks, and within a year the thirty-year old mango and casuarina trees in its streets once again gave shade and full protection from the blazing sun. So why should we move the capital to some other place?"

### *TROPICAL FADE-OUT*

Well, there were a few things to be said in answer to that, and we said them.

(Since then we have read in the papers that on June 6, 1941, Matupi started to erupt again, producing dust fumes and seriously menacing the health of the residents of Rabaul. Early in September Canberra announced that the government had decided to abandon the town as the capital of the Mandated Territory. Lae, eighteen miles northwest of Salamaua, was to be made the new capital.)

Next we discussed the position of New Guinea in the defense system of Australia. We agreed that its importance should not be overestimated; it would always be a difficult job to defend this vast and sparsely populated area with its innumerable islands and its long shore lines.

It was past midnight when the conversation died away. We stood at the rail for a while in the warm night air to have one more look at the faraway hills and the chain of breakers glistening in the moonlight.

It seemed as if the breeze were carrying the sound of tom-toms to us across the waves. But perhaps we were imagining things, or perhaps we had, like so many others who had lived in New Guinea before us, the beat of tom-toms in our blood.

## LANDSCAPE PAINTING—EAST AND WEST

By DR. ELEANOR CONSTEN

*The attempt to understand the difference between the Eastern and the Western mind is the fascinating pursuit of anyone who has lived in both the Orient and the Occident. Many answers to this eternal question have been offered, and we intend to contribute a few more in some of the next issues of our magazine, holding to concrete points rather than to general commonplaces.*

*The following article is a charming yet penetrating analysis of the landscape painting of East and West.*

*The author is peculiarly fitted for her task, for she herself is the product of two cultures, being the daughter of an American mother and a German father. From early youth attracted by art and Chinese culture, she studied both subjects at the Universities of Vienna, Berlin, and Bonn. After obtaining her doctor's degree she went to America for post graduate work at Radcliffe, the women's branch of Harvard University. The first thing she was told there by a well-meaning friend was, "Don't tell a soul you got your doctor's degree at the age of 23, or you will never have a date." Dr. Consten thinks her friend was right.*

*For several years Dr. Consten worked at the Oriental Department of the Fogg Museum of Harvard University. Then she moved first to Japan, later to China, and here married the writer and student of Mongolian affairs, Mr. H. Consten. She is the author of two books on Chinese art and is now living in Peking.*

*Three excellent photographs of bizarre Chinese landscapes have been contributed by Miss Hedda Hammer of Peking, one of the finest photographers of Chinese subjects.—K.M.*

### PAINTERS

#### MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Man has always looked at Nature around him and enjoyed what he saw. Earth, stones and rocks, trees, grass and flowers, in the changes of season and hour, ever repeated but never quite the same—of these a landscape is built, be it a flat expanse of barren ground or mountains with trees, brooks, and waterfalls. Landscape is fundamentally the same in the West and in the East, comprising all the variations possible in the temperate zone. It is the painter who makes the difference.

To the Western painter the countryside is a book with a different picture on each page; every aspect of Nature has its beauties. He has never given up the right to explore every corner of the land in search of new effects,

and endless are the possibilities of finding a new view in a new light for a new and different picture.

#### NOT ALL EXAGGERATION

But the Chinese have, in the earliest stages of their landscape art, put the seal of approval on one type only—the *shan shui* (山水) "mountain and water." They have specialized in a landscape that seems exaggerated to the Western eye. And exaggerated it often is, but not as much as we think. The photographer of today sees the cliffs and gorges, the pine trees and trailing mist of Hua Shan (華山), the sacred mountain in Shensi, as dramatic and awe-inspiring as they appeared to the painters of the T'ang and Sung dynasties, who reveled in striking contrasts of line and dimension. Rocks are slashed in long, parallel lines.

Mountains rise and break like angry waves, crested with pines. The valiant trees cling to the unyielding stone; and so does the pilgrim's path with steps cut into the deep decline. (Fig. I, photo by Hedda Hammer. Fig. II, painting by Ma Yuan, 馬遠, late 12th cent.) Mist rises out of the valley, the trees in the foreground stand out sharply against it. Mist emphasizes the distance between them and the hills in the background—distance unmeasured and unbridged. Towering cliffs appear out of the fog; their jagged lines are softened by the haze that swallows earth and sky alike. We do not know where solid ground may end and the infinite begin. (Fig. III, by Hsia Kuei, 夏珪, late 12th cent. Fig. IV, by Hedda Hammer.)

This spectacular, heroic landscape became *the* landscape for all Chinese painters, even those who lived on the Great Plain and never saw such fantastic scenery. For them it was only a short step from the unbelievable to the impossible, and the Chinese would hardly consider this difference very important, if the effect of grandeur, of Nature's majesty is achieved. The technique of landscape painting was standardized to such an extent that the fantastic and the ordinary did not seem so far apart, after they were stylized in black and white. The West first made the acquaintance of the most exaggerated and abbreviated bits of Chinese landscape on porcelains and lacquers, and it has never quite got over the shock of this first glimpse of China, consisting mainly of frail little temples perched precariously on most dangerously undermined cliffs.

#### MASTER OR CREATURE?

The Chinese artist paints in the approved style and chooses the time-honored subjects of the old masters; the Western painter relies only on Nature herself and what he can see with his own eyes.

Yet the attitude of the Western painter is not one of humility; on the contrary, it is homocentric. Man is the crowning glory of Nature, her

master. Landscape is only what he can see; it stops at the horizon, that imaginary end of the world that is nothing but the limit of man's eyesight. Man and his doings are often the center of the Western landscape, heroic or intimate. Even if no human figure appears in the picture, the stress is still on a human personality, on the painter and his choice of subject.

The composition of a Chinese landscape painting makes it quite clear that human scope of vision has not been employed; only a bird on the wing would see the world thus. Only a spirit not bound by the laws of gravity could so convince himself that there is no horizon, where the world ends and we drop over the edge into nothing. The Chinese painter knows that out of the emptiness will rise more hills and new worlds.

The East gives a less exalted place to man in Nature; his importance is in proportion to his size. The travelers on the mountain path, the meditating scholars are as necessary to a complete representation of the universe as the rock and the tree—and not a bit more important than they. Man happens to be one of Nature's many creatures, not her master.

#### LANDSCAPE AS BACKGROUND

Landscape painting in the West began as an appropriate background for portraits and pictorial story-telling. The same was true of China; but it was a short and unimportant stage, whereas in Europe the landscape was slow to come into its own. It remained in a subordinate position throughout the Middle Ages. Beautiful landscapes have been painted as backgrounds to religious pictures by Dutch, German, French, and Italian painters; they were vast or intimate, fantastic or true to nature, they had everything an independent landscape should have, except the recognition as such. Today's art historians, with modern photography at their disposal, delight us with enlarged reproductions of background details. On the canvas they are small



and easily overlooked, yet the painter has lavished so much loving knowledge of Nature on them, that, when finally landscape was considered worthy of representation for its own sake, painters had little to learn—just leave out the foreground, and there was a full-fledged landscape.

The Chinese have always understood that the background for a portrait or some outdoor scene is different from and inferior to real landscape, just as man and his doings are inferior to the universe. When they paint a saint, or people in a garden, they also use rocks, hills, and trees, done in landscape technique; but they use them as "props," they do not give depth and rhythm to mere indications of scene. Background is limited, it serves a definite, explanatory purpose; landscape is boundless, it has no other purpose than unfolding itself. Its scope dwarfs man and his petty activities, until they take their proper, insignificant place.

### *SITTING DOWN*

#### *FOR A DAY'S WORK*

The Western artist packs his painting kit in the morning, takes his lunch, and goes out in search of a suitable subject. He examines critically this and that view, framing it in his mind and hanging it on a wall (preferably a museum wall). Size and shape of his canvas influence his decision. He finds an ideal motif and sits down with his easel and colors for a day's work on that particular spot. Now he must show his skill. He must confine a segment of Nature within a given space, so that her endlessness will not strain against the frame. He must find a point towards which all lines gravitate, away from the frame, so that the frame can be a protection and logical boundary, not a prison bar. The picture will then say to the beholder:

Here is a place of perfect beauty, of harmony in line and color. The moment at which I was painted was perfect; time stands still for you in me. Beyond me the world is of no

importance; settle down in my center, and you will desire no more.

The Western painter will go into the woods, he will see a pattern of tree trunks around him and dense foliage overhead, he will see deep shadows and flecks of light, colors and forms will close in on him and give him a feeling of intimacy with nature. He dwells on the accidental beauty of the moment, on the effect of light on color. His landscape is built of static forms, which he puts down in areas of color. He enjoys the infinite and subtle shadings of tints and hues. He paints only what he sees, and he sees shapes only through their difference in color. Because sky and clouds have color, they are to him as well defined as trees and stones, and he paints the sky as he sees it—a flat sheet of blue.

He must study his perspective carefully, because only by imitating the centralizing powers of the human eye, by duplicating its faculty to create a vanishing point wherever it fixes its gaze—only thus can the painter hope to gather a view into a small space, to cut it out of the universe without having the edges bleed.

### *AT THE BEND OF A RIVER*

Gottfried Keller, the writer and artist, painted the bend of a river: a big tree shades the angler at the right, it is balanced by a group of trees screening off the view at the left (Fig. VI). Colors range from warm browns over a rich variety of greens to the clear blue of the sky. There is no outline, only innumerable changes of color, comprehensively and aesthetically arranged. Any shifting of the viewpoint would destroy the delicate balance of mass and color. We have no way of going up the river, of finding out what the scenery beyond the bend and the trees would look like—and we are not supposed to. Our place is just on the edge of the frame, and we sit there as placidly as the angler who poses for his picture.

Hsia Kuei (夏珪), who lived about 1180—1230, also painted the bend of a

river, with a clump of trees at the right (Fig. V). A small figure crosses the bridge; unaware of painter or beholder it follows the path into the background. There is only emptiness to balance the trees and the earth. But wind and water are moving into it, trees and rushes point to it, the distant hills dissolve into it. We must follow the course of the river around the bend, because there we will find the real landscape, to which the painted one is only a guide and a promise.

The Chinese landscape is a representation of the universe and the spirit that creates and preserves it; both are timeless and boundless. Color is accidental, static, a joy to the eye; line is always on the move, while creating one form it already points to the next, it invites the spirit to follow far beyond the end of the picture (there is no frame) and beyond the man-made horizon.

#### GOING FOR A DAY'S WALK

The Chinese painter does not portray Nature, he does not paint a view from a certain point at a certain day and hour, as seen from a campstool. He wants a wider view, a more comprehensive representation of the countryside than just one eyeful can give him. He works as the musician does, who listens to the voice of many trees before he condenses them into the lucid form of a melody, which, though suggestive of Nature, obeys laws of purely artistic origin. Landscape photography may successfully replace painting in many Western homes; to the Oriental it can be a new and fascinating form of art, but not just another technique for the old landscape.

The Chinese painter roams over the countryside, he looks at the ever-changing scenery, remembering striking lines, forgetting accidental details (Fig. VII). He stretches his tired legs under the wooden table in the rustic inn, he drinks homemade wine with the monk of the mountain-temple. He climbs a hill and sits down to rest and gaze at the view, and the view will

unfold itself to him far beyond the power of his eyes, because he has come a long way and knows he can only hope to do justice to the vastness of the universe by understanding its essence, by sending his soul where his eyes cannot travel. He crosses the stream in the fisherman's boat and visits the retired official in his hut by the waterfall. They discuss philosophy and the affairs of the country, passing easily over unimportant details as the leaves of distant trees merge into dark shadow against the pale outline of the hills. They match their skill in poetry and they drink some more wine—Chinese biographers did not mince words about the bibulous inclinations of their artists—and by the time the painter continues on his way he is probably a little tipsy and will gladly accept the services of a donkey. Immeasurable dimensions will gain in proportion in his mind as he gazes at near and distant cliffs, and he will know that the difference in speed between the rushing water, his donkey's trot, the growing tree, and the mountain lifting its summit into the clouds, is really negligible in the light of eternity.

#### NO FIXED VIEWPOINT

So he returns to his study and dusts his table and spreads out his clean white sheet of silk. His mind runs over the impressions of the day, it lifts him higher than the hills he has climbed, and with swift strokes of the brush he writes down his landscape—only the "bones" of Nature, as the ancient canon puts it—for he will give the picture to his philosopher friend, whose imagination will need no more than a few hints to fill the empty spaces with more hills and trees than the silk could hold.

The long handscroll is singularly well suited to the Chinese conception of landscape. Painter and beholder travel along as the scroll is unrolled, one vista merges into another. Many landscapes combine into an account of Nature, not limited by a fixed viewpoint, not dependent on or composed

from the outside. Yet the greater number of Chinese landscapes are painted on hanging scrolls. Since landscape painting in China is not selection of a detail, but abbreviation of the whole, the variation in scope of the hand- or hanging scroll is of no account as compared with the expanse of the universe. Limitation lies in the choice of subject, only hills and running water being eligible. The fact that the first landscape painters in the T'ang dynasty chose such scenery must have played an important part in narrowing down the painter's choice; but no love of tradition could have kept even a Chinese from branching out into other types, if the strong, upward thrust of solid hills and the yielding, downward current of clear water had not expressed to perfection his conception of the forces that give life to the universe.

### THE CHINESE

#### NEED NO PERSPECTIVE

Perspective would only spoil the scope of a Chinese landscape; a centralized composition would stop the spirit in its voyage. The Chinese picture invites us to change our viewpoint as often as we like. We start from the top of the hill and look out towards other summits, we dive into the valley and see the stones in the river bed, we follow the pilgrim to the distant pagoda. Perspective balances every corner and detail of the Western picture into instant, formal connection with its main subject. The Chinese painter gives us rhythm instead of balance and thereby insures autonomy for every little unit of landscape. We can enter and travel through each part of the picture in turn, going from one to the other, and we shall be as little bothered by the lack of a uniform viewpoint as we would be by the changing pictures presented to our sight as we move around a familiar room.

The Chinese painter employs just enough laws to keep the picture from falling apart. The towering mountain is the keynote, the buildings in the background are slightly smaller than

those in the foreground, outlines and details of distant hills are dimmed by mist. But he does not assign to the beholder the exact place from where he must not stray.

### THE TINY COUNTRY DOCTOR

Kuo Hsi (郭熙) of the eleventh century (Fig. VII) combines many scenes in one picture, a complete world fills his strip of silk, enough to give us an idea of what the universe is like. Lauren Ford, a contemporary American (Fig. VIII), carried home many detailed sketches of the Connecticut countryside and combined them into a panorama, seemingly in the Chinese manner. She works in the Eastern way, combining views seen at different times; she also employs the bird's-eye view and high horizon. But the picture only seems decentralized; the Westerner cannot drop the approved standards; there must be an excuse for a picture like that. So the artist introduces the "Country Doctor": he enters the house in the center and gives the picture its name—and we are right back with the homocentric type. A dramatic moment of human interest is the excuse for and vital point of the whole picture, even though we can hardly make out the doctor's tiny figure in the wealth of surrounding detail. In spite of its scope, its variety of places and activities, this painting is an intimate one; it evokes very personal, nostalgic feelings. We are already supplied with the coloring of that particular day, from our memory we add the sound of birds and the smell of hay. To the New Englander this picture represents a very precious corner of the earth, not the world in general. The Chinese painter is always a *Weltbürger* (cosmopolite) even if he paints only bamboo groves and temples with curved roofs.

### THE POLICEMAN

#### WITH THE BRUSH

Western landscapes are seldom really bad, provided the painter has a fair amount of color-sense and technique.



and has been taught the laws of composition and perspective. Because the subject is beautiful, even less skillful renderings will still impart the charms of the place the painter chose to portray, and the picture will please those who love that particular spot. If a Chinese landscape is badly done there is nothing left to admire. The subject is too commonplace, has been too often repeated, is too stylized to excite any feeling in the beholder. If the rhythm is jumbled, if the sweep of line is without life, if the shading is crude, then no amount of "brush-stroke" technique can save the picture. It is a complete waste of paper, silk, ink, and time—and many Chinese landscapes are. It seems easy to learn the "trade" of the *shan shui*: take mountains, waterfalls, and pines, dot with tiny people, mix with some characteristic brush strokes and a few rules of composition, stir well, and throw on silk. Indulging in a genteel pastime does not guarantee stupendous results; if the person thus agreeably occupied is not a genius, no amount of studying the old masters will do him any good.

I have watched a policeman on duty at a city police station spend unoccupied moments in painting hills and bamboo groves with scholars in huts on paper fans. The result was quite charming to the untrained eye, but the artistic merits hardly surpassed those of a pleasant picture postcard or calendar decoration. If the spirit of the universe has not inspired the painter, it cannot move the beholder to any feeling either. The picture is then like so many creations of modern art, which conceal the lack of inspiration and the lack of sound training under heaped clichés that are supposed to reflect the taste of the public. The fact that not only a change of mental attitude but the acquisition of a complete new philosophy would be necessary, may help to explain why—even among foreigners in China who are ardent admirers of Chinese landscapes—there are so few who attempt to paint in the Eastern style, whereas the results of opposite endeavors have been quite commendable.

### COLOR OF THE MOMENT

Colored landscapes are not unknown in China, but to the Western eye the colors seem limited, crude, and unnatural, as indeed they are. They are applied in the study according to a conventional system, a standard color chart summarily derived from Nature. Color has to be confined to one place, it is accidental, it may change with the slightest change in lighting. The Chinese prefers to strip his landscapes of this unstable element, he only uses the shades of ink from luminous black to pale gray, they accent the line and move along with it; they suggest color without defining it.

Color dates a picture, it makes it the child of one perfect moment which will never come back. Therefore the painter puts all his skill in the selection of the right moment and the color harmony which is the mainstay of his picture.

Moritz von Schwind, the German romantic painter, depicts a wanderer resting under a shady tree to look at the view (Fig. IX). We are given every detail of that view, as encircled by the tree, the foreground in radiant reds and greens, the hills in the back fading away into paler shades of blue, and above them the blue sky and white clouds. We find the same theme and composition in a painting attributed to the Sung emperor Hui Tsung (徽宗), the same protective tree, the same figure resting under it, looking out over the country at his feet (Fig. X). But to the Chinese painter the sky is not the limit, the clouds pass much too quickly to leave an imprint on the silk. The empty space is the most important part of the picture, we follow the man's gaze into it and we see more than any painter's brush could draw. Inspired by the painted scholar's rapt contemplation, our imagination takes wings and flies over hill and vale through mist and sun. So why try to paint the landscape? The scholar lost to the universe, one with rock and tree, is far more suggestive than any line or color could be.

**MOSS OR WINGS?**

The Chinese landscape gives wings to the beholder, but it does not rest him. He cannot linger on soft moss in a secluded grove, or in the shade of Corot's trees, he cannot find his home in a Ruisdael hamlet. He has to look at the woods from afar; he has to pass the hut by the wayside and journey to the pagoda on the hill, which will give him no shelter; he will take off from there into space filled with more mountains rising out of the mist of tomorrow. The Western landscape reminds us of some summer day of the past, when we ourselves have seen just that radiance of light and color in the country we love. To delight our eyes it blends the accidental beauties of color and planes, preserving a beautiful moment that otherwise would be lost.

The Chinese landscape promises to show us all the glories of creation, if we dare abandon our safe foothold on

that little part of the world over which we are master. It fulfills man's age-old longing for wings, the longing of Faust to follow the course of the sun:

Ah, that no wing can lift me from  
the soil,  
Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!

Then would I see eternal Evening  
gild,  
The silent world beneath me glowing,  
On fire each mountain peak, with  
peace each valley filled,  
The silver brook to golden rivers  
flowing.

The mountain chain, with all its  
gorges deep,  
Would then no more impede my  
god-like motion,  
And now before mine eyes expands  
the ocean  
With all its bays, in shining sleep.

**MEDITATION**

*By Wei Li Bo*

The evening rain has quenched the swirling dust  
Raised in the heat of day by summer wind.

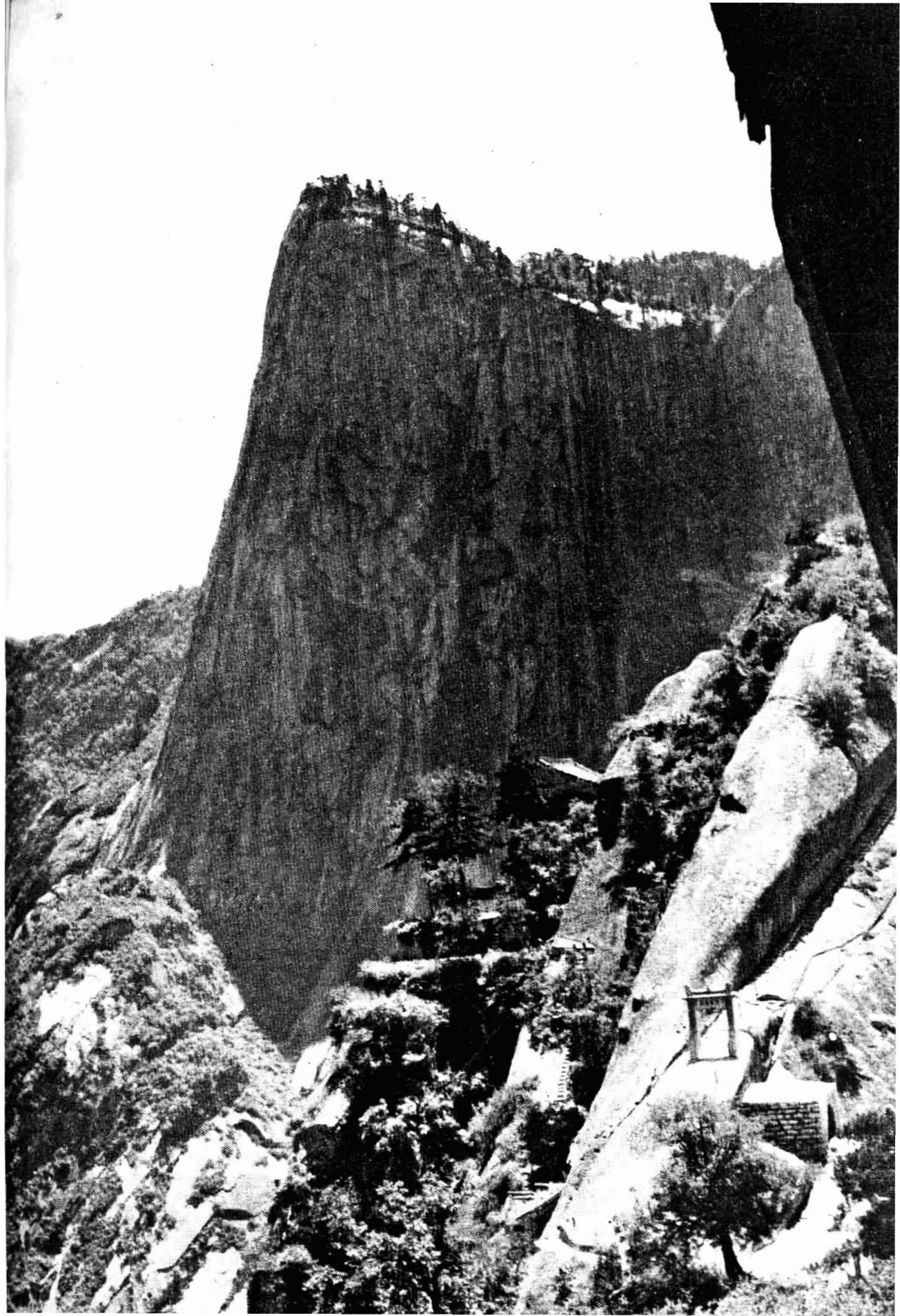
The yellow moon emerged from shadowy clouds  
And through the plane trees cast her peaceful beams.

Through silence of the night from leaf and tree  
Rings faint the reverent chime of silver drops.

**MODERN PHOTOGRAPHS OR  
ANCIENT PAINTINGS?**

Fig. I This dramatic scene, photographed by Hedda Hammer in the Hua Shan of Shensi, might have been chosen as the subject for a painting in the T'ang or Sung dynasty







Art and Reality  
in China

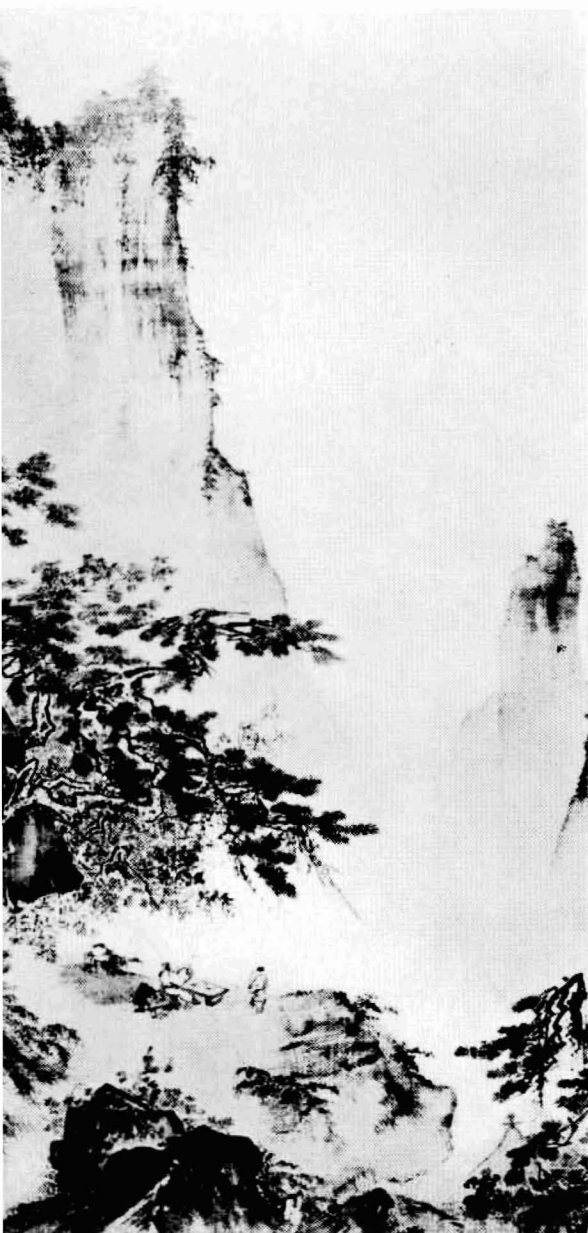


Fig. III Mist in the Mountains, by Hsia Kuei, late 12th century



Fig. II Pilgrim's Path, by Ma Yuan, late 12th century



Fig. IV Mist in the Hua Shan, photograph by Hedda Hammer



Fig. V by Hsia Kuei, late 12th century

## River Bend

Fig. VI by Gottfried Keller, 19th century





Fig. VII Country Scene,  
by Kuo Hsi, 11th century



## Countryside East and West

Fig. VIII Country Doctor,  
by Lauren Ford, 20th century



## Wanderer's Rest

Fig. IX by Moritz von Schwind,  
19th century

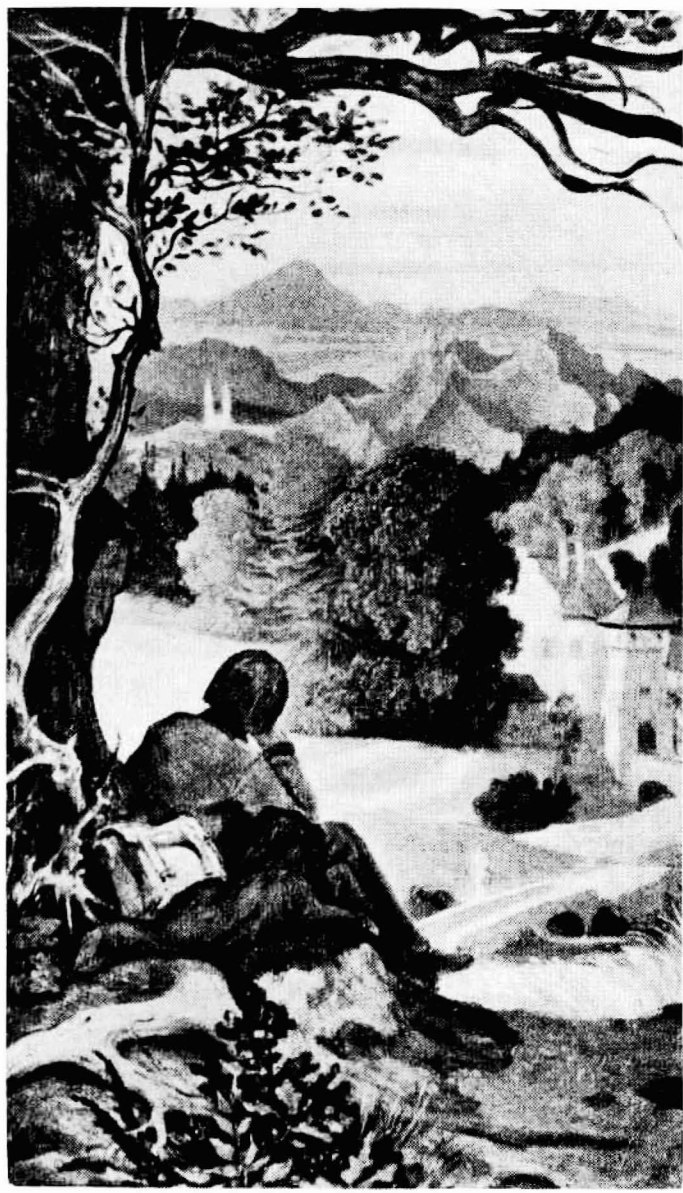


Fig. X Attributed to Emperor Hui  
Tsung of the Sung dynasty.

## WOMEN OF THE BLUE LAKE

By No. 399

*An interesting insight into the psychology of a group of imprisoned women and, in their admirable restraint and matter-of-factness, a fine example of human ability to rise above misery and despair, are these pages from the diary written by an inmate of a women's internment camp in Java. Human nature, it seems, is better fitted to withstand serious tragedies than petty annoyances and incompetence which are likely to call forth anger and bitterness, whereas great losses often furnish us with the inner strength necessary to overcome them. And if everything fails there is always a "blue lake" to which to turn for solace from the pettiness of man.—K.M.*

*May 13, 1940, Whit Monday  
Somewhere in Java*

Endless waiting in continuous fear. What is to happen to us all? We don't know. We don't know anything at all. We are worn out from the long, hot train trip in the prison car. No one knew where we were being taken by the stony-faced police officers. The windows were kept closed the whole way. After the train journey we went on in old motor vans, rattling and shaking further and further into the country, far away, where there were no more villages and no more people. A terrific thunderstorm broke. Then evening came quickly, with its mist and and croaking frogs. When at last we were allowed to get out it was night. We saw soldiers with bayonets, and a wall; then a huge gate, which opened to let us in; then barbed wire, triple—and finally a large, old building from which a dim light shone across to us. That was all.

Now we are sitting on boxes and rough benches, hundreds of women and children, waiting for our luggage and persons to be searched. Some of the children are on the point of collapse from fatigue, leaning against their mothers, their eyes closed. Some have simply lain down on the dirty cold stone floor. Others are crying and asking for something to drink. I, too, am parched with thirst. One is no longer conscious of hunger. My head is buzzing with a burning headache.

Some have been called to be searched. We others are waiting, in an almost unnatural silence, for the inspection. Suddenly—a piercing cry. We start. It is followed by whimpering, and a commanding voice. Then everything is quiet again. When the first women come back, they show their hands in a mute gesture. Now their last piece of jewelry, which at first they had been allowed to keep, has been taken from them—their wedding rings. In a minute it will be my turn.

*May 14, Early Morning*

It was a long time before we were taken into the dark rooms of the old house last night. Rough wooden bunks with dark, bulky straw-filled sacks stood close together, and a smell of decay came to us from the mildewy walls. Rats were flying around the single dusty electric light bulb, and rats, disturbed in their peace, squeaked in protest. At first we stared dumfounded at our new surroundings, but then pulled ourselves together, first those with children, who saw to it that they had somewhere to lie down. Mrs. L. discovered a large tin urn with lukewarm drinking water, which we all made for to quench our burning thirst. Some wanted to wash, but fled in horror from the revolting lavatory. Our luggage—one suitcase apiece—was not handed out that evening so that we had to spend this night, too, in the same clothes which we had not taken off for three days.



Most of the children were already in the deep sleep of exhaustion, while we women were still staring apprehensively and unbelievably at our new surroundings, trying to be calm and to grasp the fact that we had to face a different life. What will this new life be like? Tonight we have realized that we had been the happiest of people before all this. Our husbands, brothers, sons were led away before our eyes as prisoners, our homes and belongings have been taken from us. Only the younger children were left with us, and for their sakes we must try with all our might to master this new life. From the corner, where Mrs. W. sat crouching, came a loud sobbing. Several of the women were crying, but, thank God, there were others who had the strength to comfort them and give them courage.

This was the moment at which a certain numbness in me, too, gave way. I looked out of the window. The night was quite dark; only now and again the country was lit up by short summer lightning, and then I thought I could see a large sheet of water, something like a lake. I sat down with the others near the window. It was still hot and stifling in the house and none of us grownups could think of sleeping.

The doors of the room had meanwhile been closed, we had heard the rusty keys turn twice, and the last little light had been extinguished. We hardly felt tired, nor did we bother about the many mosquitoes that were biting us. We just turned our thoughts over and over in our minds, pondering and trying to muster our courage, for everything seemed so desperate. No one spoke a word. Everyone was occupied with herself and her own thoughts. So the night passed.

Again and again our burning eyes had tried to pierce the darkness of the night, till the first dawn of the new day broke. True enough, there lay before us a large, spreading lake, and, as the day grew lighter, its water turned bluer and bluer. When the sun

rose, we all seemed to feel a deep quietness flowing up to us from the dimly shimmering, clear water. It was as if a breath of the eternal were drifting across to us. The material things in life became small and insignificant, went under in this great expanse of water. I had to think of Goethe's words, praising water as the symbol of the human soul: "It comes down from heaven, it rises up to heaven, and down again to earth it must come, changing eternally."

That was how the first day of our new life dawned. We looked at each other calmly, and I believe that we all felt the same determination to bear together the future and all the hardships it might bring.

### *Same Evening*

That is as far as I got this morning when we were all startled by a loud and vigorous bugle call, the military reveille. A few minutes later one of our women guards appeared and called out: "*Aantreden* (fall in)!" We had to march in pairs to the dining room, past the women guards in their uniforms, who then posted themselves in the corners of the dining room in order to keep us constantly under observation. We marched up to rows of long wooden tables and benches. On the tables there were tin plates and mugs. A whistle was blown twice. The first time meant, "sit down," the second was the signal to eat.

This morning duties were distributed. Even old women, including our oldest with her 83 years, were given work to do. Camp regulations were read out; everything was very strict, and there was a lot to be learnt. Indeed, never having done work of that kind in the tropics, we have first to learn, not only to sweep the rough stone floors clean, but to wipe them several times with a wet mop, to carry the heavy straw sacks into the sun every day, to fetch the large urns of drinking water punctually, etc. Strictest obedience is taken for granted.

The camp regulations see to it that the days will pass in constant work, mostly of a physical nature, a sort of "work therapy." We submitted. There is enough discipline among us, and we want the days to pass without friction.

We know now what our camp is called: *Banjoe biroe*, Malayan for "Blue Lake."

*May 24*

Days of getting accustomed to conditions, of adjustment, difficult days of self-control have passed meanwhile. The children are still a problem. There are a few teachers here, but there is as yet no building or schoolroom available. We are not even allowed to speak our own language. That is liable to heavy punishment, such as solitary confinement or being put on rice and water. But during the siesta, when all doors around us have shut, we give the children lessons, after having built desks and chairs for them out of empty suitcases. We have quite got used to the bugle which is for ever summoning us, even to every meal.

If sometimes the burden placed upon us seems to grow too heavy, or if our good spirits are depressed by petty annoyances caused by some of the guards, we only have to look up to the blue sky and the sun and to our beloved lake, from whose smooth mirror not only coolness is wafted to us but also the breath of a pure, clear, true world. It gives us back our peace and composure.

*May 27*

Every day we are getting to be more like a big family. By no means do we love the old gray house, but all the more every little piece of ground outside, be it ever so small, on which we are allowed to walk. We can observe, better than through the barred windows of the building, the lake on one side, on the other the mountains, trees, and rice and tapioca fields.

We are allowed to walk on a narrow strip of ground around the house. Every free moment is used to walk the length of this bumpy path at least once, and we are usually able to leave our gloomy thoughts behind us.

Today the first punishment has been meted out—solitary confinement. Some visiting Dutch friends had shown one of our women her child through the barbed wire. It had been ill in hospital the day we were interned, and she had not seen it since. Naturally she wanted to get nearer to her child, wanted to hold it in her arms. But she was denied this. She had a complete nervous breakdown, and began to scream. Immediate solitary confinement was the reply of the camp authorities.

*June 10*

We are getting more and more used to things, and the unaccustomed work goes faster and faster. Washing laundry at the big well in the mornings is quite gay. It is the time when the guards are having their breakfast, and we have a little more freedom then. Although the singing of German songs is strictly forbidden, we continue to risk it and we are doubly cheered for the whole day.

*June 17*

The first post cards from our imprisoned husbands have arrived. Tremendous excitement! We had seen the Directress going around with a fat bundle of cards before the midday meal: during the meal our excitement rose to such a pitch that no one even thought of eating. At last, the distribution! I received a card too, and like all the others it contained only good news. In some of the cards, it is true, only the heading and signature could be read, everything else had been blacked out. The censorship was very strict. But we all were happy and grateful, and in spite of the distance we felt more than ever united with our husbands.

The happiness of us married women spread also to the few unmarried ones, and when at sunset, which was today

an opalescent mass of purple, red, and gold, we looked across to our lake, it had, as if in celebration, put on a red and golden holiday gown that was so fabulously beautiful that we shall never forget it.

### *June 29*

My heart is still pounding. I just happened to be present when two of our women were officially notified of the sale of their confiscated property, which they have now lost once and for all. One of the women took it bravely and with composure, but the other one began to sob, softly at first, then more and more uncontrollably, till in the end she threw herself on her straw sack and screamed and screamed, unable to stop. Mrs. M., who knows something about medicine and acts as our doctor, was called. She gave her a "nerve tonic," and after a full hour at last the screaming stopped.

### *July 5*

Every day some of us receive official notification about the irretrievable sale of our property. It will come for all of us one day; I am waiting for this notice too. In my heart I have already settled the matter, I am already beyond these things, like most of the other women.

### *July 13*

This has been a special day. It was the birthday of Mrs. S. of our ward. Very early in the morning, before the bugle call and the appearance of our guards, the older boys came from the boys' barracks and produced a so-called "festival rocket" by comically imitating in chorus the hiss and explosion of a rocket. Then all the women and children came to offer their congratulations. Everybody brought a little present, even if it was only a homemade ornament consisting of a colored crochet cord with a pierced and polished one-cent coin as a pendant, which one of the children had secretly managed to

keep in a little bag. In the evening we all gathered again in the newly-opened canteen and drank the health of Mrs. S. in a glass of lemonade. We have now become quite used to speaking Dutch all the time, and in spite of the restrictions here and there the day has been a very happy one for us, because it brought out so strongly the community spirit amongst us. It has given us renewed strength and has brought us all closer together.

Before going to bed we felt, as we do almost every evening, the desire to get close to our lake. Whether it reflects the silver moon and the stars in the evening or the sun and the blue sky during the day, it always has the same power to quiet our hearts, to make us feel freer and lighter.

### *July 20*

More and more cases of illness. The heat and the long spell of dryness bring this with them every year. At the moment dysentery and malaria are predominant. We tremble for many who are seriously ill. Mrs. M. goes untiringly from room to room to distribute properly the medicine which is given to her so sparingly. When a call was made today for volunteers to nurse the sick, twice as many applied as were needed.

### *August 10*

We have been here three months, living our strange life far from the great events in the world, of which we know nothing. What is happening in the war on the Western Front? The camp authorities are as strict as they were on the first day, and no newspapers are allowed. But rumors are beginning to creep in, and one of these has already become a firm belief. It is that we are to be freed on August 15. No one knows where the rumor originated, but all are preparing for their liberation. A great "festival evening" is being arranged which is supposed to be a sort of farewell. Will our hopes be fulfilled?



*August 15, 7 p.m.*

It has been a festive day. Our beloved lake was even bluer than usual and saluted us in shining sunlight. No announcement was made by the authorities during the midday meal, but the confident mood has remained. The "festival program" has been submitted to the camp authorities, both the Colonel and the Directress, for approval and permission to perform. Most of it was in Dutch, of course, but we had written the play and the "canon" in German. With much shaking of heads and muttered remarks like "crazy" and "cracked," the program was okayed. And so it took place. The children had rehearsed a wonderful afternoon show with dances, games, and singing. Then the grownups performed the play they had written themselves, containing a little parody of our life in camp, and after that we all sang the farewell canon with its closing line: "Farewell, Blue Lake, farewell."

*August 16*

We are still here.

*August 20*

Still nothing has happened. Spirits are rather low. Mail from our husbands is always cheerful, always optimistic. But why is nothing being done about us? Why doesn't the big gate open to let us free? No, nothing is done, simply nothing.

At sunset I took our usual walk around the building with the children, and when the sun was gone we looked in the sky for our big star and our little one, which are not far from each other and about whom the children have invented a long and beautiful story. The big star is the father and the little star is the mother, and there are a lot of star-children around them. If the star-children have been very good, the father star and the mother star get a little closer to each other every day, and the children also move a little closer, and then the star family will soon all be together again. But that is only a fairy tale invented by children.

[In January 1942 the approach of the Japanese forces caused the Dutch authorities to remove the internment camp for German men from Sumatra to India.—The Editor]

*August 25*

Today the gray house, that is so often loud and gay with the voices of children and their laughter, is again strangely silent on the shore of the dark blue lake. There is an atmosphere of expectation, of mystery. The time has come for a child to be born. All the women are sitting around, quietly sharing the feelings of the mother who writhes in pain, cared for in a bare room by a doctor and a midwife from their own group. All are waiting tensely for the first cry of the child, all seem to be holding their breath.

*Same Evening*

Thank God, it is over now. A healthy girl has been born, and everybody is happy again. Congratulations with homemade flowers and other presents are pouring into the room of the mother, who, although pale, looks happily again and again at her child.

*October 15*

We have all gradually got used to the fact that after all the gates will not be opened so soon, and every one of us works off and conquers this great disappointment in her own manner. Those are best off who have their steady daily work, or who are mothers with their own children to keep them occupied. Those who can paint or draw are producing the loveliest works of art, and many put down in verse or in prose the thoughts passing through their minds. Others who have a gift for storytelling entertain their roommates in the evening with their interesting travel adventures. Some who can sing, very softly intone some of the old home songs every evening, which are then hummed by all. And the lake sparkles across to them in quiet understanding.

*December 31*

It is five to twelve, five minutes before the New Year begins. Advent and Christmas are behind us, thank God. They have been sad days. I found it impossible to write down anything. We had no Christmas. Although the Directress has always tried to behave absolutely correctly toward us, I shall never be able to forget that on Christmas Eve she went from room to room to see that there was no forbidden little candle burning and that no *wanklanken* (dissonances) should meet her ear. Our Christmas carols were forbidden on pain of special punishment. It was raining outside and everything was dull and gray and quiet, just as it is now. Our lake, too, is sad with us, and the low mist lying on it can tell us nothing about next year, about the future. Almost all the women have gone to bed and have drawn their mosquito nets close around their straw sacks, to be alone, quite alone. Alone with their thoughts about their husbands, their homes, their future. I can hear a clock striking twelve somewhere—the New Year has begun.

*March 23*

Many weeks have passed again. Many things have happened. Six more healthy

children have been born, and many a friend has been very ill. But on the whole providence has been kind—there has been no death.

There is a new rumor that the gates will open.

*March 25*

The gates *have* opened. Soon, perhaps next month, we shall be going north on a Japanese steamer, to Shanghai or Kobe, and then on to our homes in Germany. Some of us have even had our wedding rings returned. In brilliant sunshine we blissfully walked in a long procession, slowly, step by step toward freedom, leaving behind us the gray building, seeing only the Blue Lake, looking at it again and again in parting, full of gratitude. On its shores we have lived through much that was new and strange. I believe, however, that the most important thing is that the small, everyday things no longer mean anything to us and that we have moved a little closer to greater things, to the eternal values.

And like a flower of farewell I carry along the simple words spoken to us women as we were leaving by one of the guards: "Through you we have learnt in these months that these words can become true: 'Love your enemies.'"

## AFTER THE RAIN

*By Wei Li Bo*

No sound is heard  
But drops falling  
From leaf to leaf.  
That speck of light  
Upon the shrub?  
A butterfly.



# SHANGHAI'S MORNING AFTER



By HILAIRE DU BERRIER

*The Greeks had the right idea: in their theaters they performed, together with their tragedies, "satyr" plays, which, with their wit and merry-making, brought comic relief to an audience tense from high drama. We were thinking of that when the other day we met one of our local satirists, the author of the following article. The world and Shanghai were passing through a great drama, war had broken out in the Pacific, and the foreign settlement in Shanghai was occupied. Mr. du Berrier appeared deep in thought. Indeed he was, for he was struggling to solve an important problem: "I am so broke," he said, "that I am trying to figure out what is wiser—to marry my amah or to pay her."*

*So we asked him to write a satire on the recent changes in Shanghai. Here it is.*

*Mr. du Berrier has already been introduced to our readers in connection with his article "No Wild Men in Borneo" in our October issue. He is an American of French ancestry and fond of crazy ideas. In his schooldays he founded the American Monarchist Party. It is true that he had no members in his party, but the stationery was all printed and a candidate selected for the future American throne. Later he became a traveler and adventurer and—as long as mail could cross the Pacific—a writer for "Esquire" and other American magazines.*

*We are delighted to illustrate this article with sketches by the ablest caricaturist in Shanghai. Known as Sapajou to the great number of his admirers who have for many years followed his amusing and penetrating sketches on current events, his real name is George Sapojnikov. Once a student of architecture at St. Petersburg and an officer in the Imperial Russian Army, he has been living in the Far East since the Russian Revolution. Here he is today one of the most widely known and appreciated of artists.—K.M.*

Well, now that it has happened you can just sit back and look it over, and if you stop to regard the whole jailbird's-eye view of Shanghai objectively, you must admit there is some basis for the belief that what has happened may do this town a lot of good. Life had become as erratic



as a coolie on a bicycle. A girl could be kept for less than a polo pony. Therefore the possession of a pony was something to be aspired to, but getting that far was a high-priced business. It re-

quired an almost unlimited capacity for whisky soda, mendacity, no sleep, and joy in cutting a friend's throat.

Then what did you have? Social recognition, boredom in place of loneliness, to say nothing of a financial mogul whose hobby was taking photos *au naturel* of his friends' wives and daughters. As soon as you started making money, dash it all, you became a friend of his, and you didn't dare shoot him for fear of what it would do to the market. For pride and honor are





things many foreigners spend ten years in the Orient to be able to afford when they leave. No, taken all in all, happiness and contentment and true friendship were about as scarce around Bagdad-on-the-Whangpoo as aviators at a Shanghai "R.A.F. Club" tiffin.

Old friends were breaking up; everyone was quarreling, drinking and pulling against someone else. The main reason for this tendency to go berserk seems to have been the evacuation of half the foreign wives of the community. Erstwhile serious husbands were breaking out faster than smallpox. They suddenly felt as though they had received a pardon. It took the governor off their thirsts and made jitterbugs out of their hearts, becoming an epidemic before we knew it. It even affected men whose wives



hadn't made the exodus.

Chances are, a lot of men are beginning to get acquainted with their families since busses stopped running and the night spots cooled. What is there left to do in the evening but to go to bed—for the duration?



Now, for the first time, people who have brushed elbows for years are beginning to get acquainted. The show is suspended, and when you start circulating around during this intermission by *force majeure* you are surprised to find what fine people some of the actors are when you meet them out of role.

There was an American so disliked that even with enough money to pay his chits the clubs blackballed him, so you know how popular he must have been. Now he is making friends, he walks around in a quiet and well-behaved manner, and people are be-

ginning to talk about what a swell guy he is at heart.

It has been interesting watching the way different strata of local life have reacted to the present emergency. It is just as though, in some giant dice game of the gods, their problems, their hopes and despairs, have been shaken up again and tossed out even. From the highest to the lowest they are broke.

The Marines are gone. In tawdry rooms up little alleys are girls and babies, the debris a retreating army leaves behind. They are the saddest, most human lot. The Marines are gone, there will be no money orders now.



The taipan whose only fear on earth was to appear in Don Chisolm's column is suddenly facing unfamiliar problems. He has barely learned where the bus stops are around here, when the busses stopped running. You can't very well harness an unemployed bar girl, and rickshaw coolies have become both too expensive and too unruly. Horses and buggies are out of the question, with hay looming as a potential substitute for spinach and salad. So the upshot is that the whole thing, through the process of elimination, ends with the only possible choice being between roller skates and a bicycle. There are two schools of thought. Both have advantages. If you have a bicycle stolen from under you—and in these days when you have to cease sleeping



with your mouth open if you have gold teeth that is just what is likely to happen—the financial loss will be considerable. And you always have



the parking problem. (Did you ever try to carry your bicycle to the apartment of your friends who live on the seventh floor of a house

saving electricity on the elevator?) Yet there is something to the easy, graceful glide of the bicycle as opposed to the short, quick sweep of the roller-skate school, but then again, how much simpler the parking.



With roller skates you merely tuck them under your arm, take them into Sam Shing's with you, and if you do lose six pairs a year you can console yourself with the thought they can't be shipped to the interior. The thieves' market supply and victims' demands will remain a constant.

So argues the taipan. Probably more fortunate than those temporarily deprived of their fat bank accounts during this period of financial hibernation, is the carefree failure who never had more than a month's rent in his life anyway. He loves this, wouldn't miss it for anything. He has always been broke, so war hasn't brought any problems he hasn't been trying to cope with all his life. What it has done is give him a lot of company and a good excuse to quit trying, to just rest his head for a while and let someone else worry.

Among the more unconventional methods of transportation we might mention the co-operative idea of a man who lives next to a Sikh who keeps a goat. They have had a cart made and are assiduously trying to teach the goat to pull it.

Anything is better than walking. The man who regards a ten-mile hike only in the light of good, healthful exercise is about as smart as the young American who stayed in Shanghai to evade the draft because he didn't think he would like the cooking. Besides, what we are going to do for shoe leather before this is over already has a lot of us looking like Rodin's "Thinker."



To the man with a nice residence out west who is grief-stricken because his business has been stopped, there is also a bright side to look on: the business of that army of nondescript, bleary-eyed, down-at-heel coffee-house brokers you used to see on Szechuen Road is also stopped.

With a piece of paper and a pencil as their stock in trade, the sidewalk for an office, and a smattering of coolie Chinese, pidgin English and low-class Russian for a vocabulary, they were making money hand over fist. Most of them looked like beachcombers and a lot of them couldn't write, but it was nothing to see them earning fifty or a hundred thousand dollars a day selling scrap iron, copper wire, Singapore tin or what have you.

In time these would have made up what would have come to be known as our "scrap-iron aristocracy," and, whether the comfortable taipan out west liked it or not, they would have been his neighbors. It would probably have been discouraging. Shanghai had just finished rounding off the corners and rough edges of its opium aristocracy. After a generation and a half of money they were beginning to use a handkerchief instead of the sidewalk, and now it would have been a depressing business to go through all that again with a whole new upper stratum.

It is hard to go into detail on the various phases of life since the shake-up, but to give you something to work on you might start by writing a new

book of etiquette. Forget that it was once customary to send your hostess a basket of flowers accompanied by a short note of thanks the morning after a dinner. That is all passé now. Your 1942 clubman and man-about-Shanghai sends a can of sardines and a tin opener.

When eating in restaurants it is quite the thing to wrap up the remaining piece of bread on your plate in a paper napkin and take it home with you. If it happens to be a swanky joint, where they give you margarine with your bread, you take it too, by all means. And butter, if you meet any, is to be handled as though it were gold leaf.

Week after week, in the magazines and papers of Shanghai, financial columns have been appearing, although only one man in a thousand ever had enough finances to see any sense in reading these columns. Some of the columns foresaw every possible twist and turn of finance, in a world where financial graphs had more ups and downs than a roller coaster, but the one thing they never thought to devote a bit of attention to was the advisability of thoroughly responsible, stable men dropping in for an occasional chat in their neighborhood Chinese pawnshops.

Any of the gay young blades that bankers looked down on like Roman patricians on a lionized Christian, could have told them what 當舖, that sign on



corner buildings with swinging doors, meant, and that it might not be a bad idea to take the old watch in for a little loan once in a while, even if you didn't

need to.

The first time you walk in to a Chinese pawnshop with a gold watch you are lucky if you can talk the austere financier behind the grillwork out of fifty dollars. But don't argue. Take it. Take it with the carefree gesture of a man to the manner born, the sort of a fellow to whom fifty bucks is nothing. Never let him guess that fifty dollars, in reality, is nothing

to you—nothing more than your right leg and one eye and a lung or two, just stuff it in your pocket, along with the yellow ticket, in a way suggesting that you are just out for an evening of good clean fun up Blood Alley and will be back for the timepiece in the morning.

Before going out, stop and say: *Ni hao wah?* to the baby. Every Chinese pawnshop has a baby. If they take you up and start talking Chinese just tell them you are Cantonese; that takes care of everything.



And then, be sure and go back a day or two later, peeling the fifty-two, fifty, off a roll of bills like the front wheel of a steamroller, even if you have to borrow it. Do this three or four times; then breeze in some evening, airily greet the pawnbroker like an old pal, and tell him, quite cheerfully, that you need a hundred this time. Now you are set, and besides, the more he loans you the more interest he will collect—if you come back.

The financial columns never thought to tell you about this two months ago when they had their ears glued to a stethoscope and their hands gripped on a financial pulse that said: "Brother, cultivate a pawnbroker!" if any pulse ever did. It may not be too late even now. Take a tip from us and get busy, because as things stand now, the old, conventional form of financial prognostications is going to be about as useful to the average man as Napoleon's maxims.

Everything that the officials responsible for making our lot easier have been able to think of seems to have been done, but there are still a few suggestions one might make.

For instance, some sort of a liaison bureau should be worked out to negotiate between the hat-snatchers' guild and the hat-wearing public. Under our present system the hard-working hat-snatcher is being shamefully



exploited by cleaning establishments and second-hand dealers, who at most will pay him no more than five dollars mex for a hundred-dollar fedora he

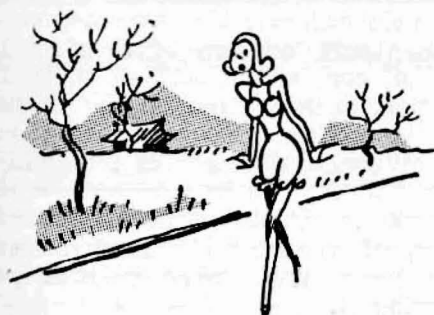


has stood out in the cold fifteen minutes to snatch. If the proper authorities could

appoint a committee to operate between these two bodies, the average hat-owner would pay at least three times as much as an honest thief could get anywhere else, just to have his old, familiar skypiece back again; and it would still be cheaper than a new one.

This is only one of the numerous economic problems we are going to have to face before this is over, because as the situation now stands a hat is about as safe on a head in Shanghai as a wife used to be on a Lloyd Triestino liner.

A lot of robbing is going on nowadays. You hardly dare look at the morning paper for fear of finding out that you have been one of the victims. The young lady who walked in from Hungjao clad in nothing but



undies last month wasn't a chorus girl paying an election bet. She was just another bicyclist who had met a band of robbers.

Another direct result of the rising cost of living and the difficulty most of us are experiencing in getting our hands on fresh money these days is the growing custom of moving in with the girl friend and making her split the rent.

On the surface this seems like a good idea. It was sin before but it looks like just common sense to say in Shanghai today, "Listen, honey; what do you say we send our laundry out together?" But the man who is only looking at the economic side of this solution is apt to overlook the fact that, first, there is a rigid form of etiquette which prescribes that a gentleman, once he has talked himself into such a state, must stay at least three months out of politeness. Also, he has to get permission from the gendarmerie to change his residence, and even the most patient official does not want to be bothered with a request to move every three weeks. He may be stuck for the duration.

What also came from placing a large part of our foreign population in a more or less permanent state of insolvency has been a noticeable trend on the part of house servants to let business acumen outweigh their loyalty. With the institution going bust, a surprising number of them have just taken off with the family silver while the going was good. And when you consider that the town they are leaving has become a place where coal is a semi-precious stone and rice the stuff you make necklaces out of, you can't blame them for folding their tents like the Arabs and as silently stealing away. And let the impoverished gentleman console himself: a great actor, in writing his memoirs, once ended a chapter with: "—And from that time on nothing eventful ever happened in my life because I never again knew poverty."

We may die of many things in the next two years, but by Jove, it won't be from boredom!

People you never bothered to talk to before stop now and tell you a story. The tops of busses used to be fairly exclusive. You could sit up there and listen to some amah in a front seat carry on a long conversation with another one ten rows back, but you had a feeling of insulation and contentment. Now with all these taipans piling in on you, you feel that the old club has been

invaded, but you don't mind as long as they have a story, and strangely enough all these humans who used to roll down the macadam highway of life with their eyes fixed on some imaginary object on the distant horizon have turned out to have some humor other than ill beneath the Simonizing job a gold-pay salary and the East have given them.

A well-to-do foreigner about a week ago discovered on alighting from a crowded bus that fifty dollars had disappeared from his pants pocket, so he sat down and thought it over. He remembered that he got on at the Grand Theater bus stop, so he went back and stood for a while, looking for a clue. He noticed three Chinese in long gowns, pushing for all they were worth every time a bus stopped, and then not getting on it, so he went up, grabbed one of them and told him he wanted his fifty dollars back. He got it, along with a promise not to filch the same pocket again. Each saw the other's problem and they parted good friends.

The stories of Shanghai under the occupation will be legion before it is over, and the friendships that are springing up now for the first time, will, let us hope, be lasting ones. Only O. Henry could do justice to some of the things most of you are likely to end up doing for the price of a cup of coffee at Jimmy's before you are through. There may be things you won't do, but just offhand I can't for the life of me think of what they could be, so the best thing anyone can suggest for the present is that you hippity-hop down Nanking Road, saying: "Let's worry about it tomorrow." Like the fellow who fell out of the fourteenth-story window and remarked blissfully to himself as he passed the third: "Well, I'm all right so far!"

Even the local business depression isn't entirely universal. They may not be among your personal friends, but never let it be said that no one in

Shanghai is making money. Chinese compradores have subscribed wholeheartedly to the words of that great American meat packer who said: "If ya wanta sell 'em something, sell 'em something to eat!"

One enterprising gentleman out in the Western district confided in a friend that he had found the perfect combination: he had started hoarding



coffins, and while waiting for the price to rise he was using the coffins to store rice in.

Your good old-fashioned house-cat has become "man's best friend" to the half of the community that is jealously guarding the sort of food reserve any self-respecting rat might consider a delicacy, but he is just a plain vandal to those of you who are saving your rats for borstch next winter.

Men who broke champagne glasses in night clubs all over the East now go home with a sack or two of dried prunes and a couple of bottles of vodka, figuring, with one eye on the calendar and the other on the measuring cup: "If it soaks till Saturday, it will be just right." These are only a few examples, but there are a thousand more, of the new standards creeping into your lives today without your knowing it.

Considering the state of affairs existing in two thirds of the world today, we might console ourselves with the thought that, after all, Shanghai is still Shanghai, and that we are pretty lucky to be here.



## THE MARCH OF WAR IN THE PACIFIC

(up to January 25, 1942)

*The march of naval and military events in the Pacific area has been so rapid that it is very difficult to follow them from day to day. To a large extent the fighting is taking place in regions hitherto little known and rarely shown on the average map.*

*In an attempt to provide our readers with the tools necessary for the understanding of what is going on, we present in the following pages a sequel to our last issue's "72 Hours Which Shook The World," summarizing the course of events since the outbreak of the war and illustrating it with maps which were specially drawn for the purpose.—K. M.*

### HONGKONG

The British crown colony on the barren, rocky island, with a slim foothold on the Chinese mainland in Kowloon and the New Territories, has been thriving tremendously ever since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict. Yet the historic events to come are casting their dark shadow ahead. It is prosperity on borrowed time. Since Japanese troops have taken Canton and the area stretching to the colony's boundary, it seems as though the sun were not shining as brightly as before. Gaiety on the island is not as spontaneous as in the days gone by, people have an air of resignation, and somehow the customary drinks taste a little bitter.

The Union Jack has flown over this strip of Chinese territory for almost a century, but Britishers are now without their wives and children, who have been evacuated to Canada, Australia, or elsewhere. Defenses have been constructed, but strategists in London assert that they do not expect the colony to hold out longer than six weeks in the event of an attack. British officers are tried in court on charges of corruption, and Chinese contractors erecting pillboxes along the hillsides have a tale to tell of how much it costs to obtain a government contract. How will concrete shelters built under such conditions stand up to heavy artillery fire?

The newspapers headline the Washington talks, but is the American Pres-

ident sure that he can stop Japan? Canadian troops are landed toward the end of November. Are they enough to hold up a Japanese onslaught?

Then comes that morning of December 8, and Hongkong knows it is doomed. The weak defenses strung across the New Territories are broken in a swift assault, and the British forces are pushed back towards positions along the mountain ranges protecting the Kowloon peninsula. They form a natural barrier, and, if properly prepared by a determined and foresighted military command, they might have afforded an opportunity for prolonged resistance. But, as elsewhere during this war, lack of foresight seems to be a firmly ingrained feature of British military planning, and the time-honored method of "muddling through" is no weapon to ward off a "blitz."

As early as three days after the initial attack, on December 11, the British withdraw to their island stronghold, separated from the mainland by a channel which in one place narrows down to a width of 1,100 yards. The large residential area of Kowloon is left for two days to the mercy of hordes of looting Chinese, until the entire peninsula has been occupied by Japanese troops, and preparations are begun for the final assault upon the island. But Hongkong is not only a fortress: there are also about a million Chinese living on the island. Teeming masses of men, women, and children

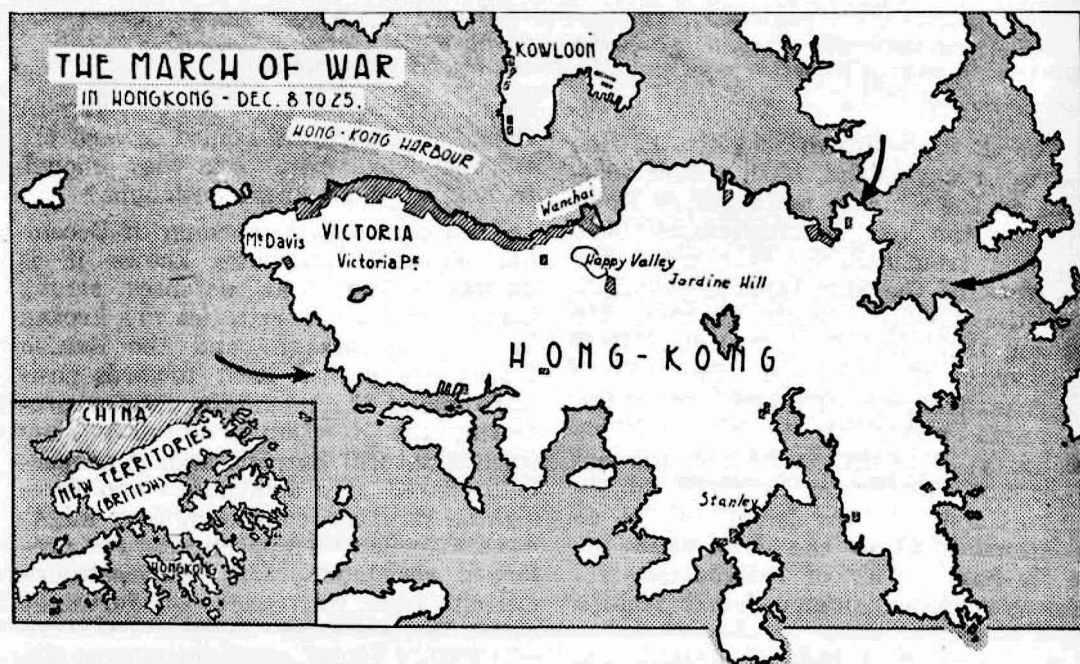


overflow tenement houses built on the reclaimed flats at the foot of the mountains or in narrow, winding streets climbing uphill.

On December 13 a motorboat puts off close to the ferry pier in Kowloon and heads for Queen's Pier in Hongkong across the green water that splashes its sides in the stiff morning breeze. There are three Japanese officers on board, and a white flag flutters at the mast. Sharp gun re-

closer, spelling doom for British rule. At noon on December 15 a terrific roar rends the air, when guns belch forth their deadly load and the excruciating noise of diving planes and the violent explosions of bombs shake the rocks. The bombardment continues throughout the day, is resumed the next morning and again on December 17.

The center of the city and Happy Valley are blazing infernos and a pall



Map I

ports ring out from Victoria, but the boat keeps on going. Heavily armed soldiers meet the emissaries on the other side and take them to the British headquarters, where Colonel Boxer is handed the Japanese ultimatum. The defenders are asked to surrender in order to avoid senseless bloodshed and the sacrifice of innocent lives in the densely populated colony, as the fall of Hongkong can only be a question of time. The ultimatum is rejected at about one p.m.

The following two days are a nightmare, not because of the sporadic gunfire and the continuous drone of reconnoitering planes, but due to an unbearable suspense. Fate is stalking

of smoke hovers over the whole island. A second ultimatum for surrender is turned down. Dusk brings with it an air of foreboding. After dawn the guns burst out again, while bombers incessantly attack military positions which crumble under the impact of the destructive missiles. At night, behind the protection of a fire curtain, Japanese troops land at three points, in the northeastern and western parts of the island, after mine barriers have been cleared away by daring men. On the following morning, the landing parties storm Jardine Hill, (1,550 feet) and other defense posts. The British prepare for a last stand on a line extending from Victoria

Peak to Stanley Point, from Mount Davis in the northwest to Wanchai in the east.

The Japanese now move slowly and cautiously in order to avoid unnecessary destruction. Although Canadian and other troops fight desperately in a vain attempt to halt the enemy, they are compelled to yield one position after another. After the loss of Mount Cameron the defenders are pushed back to their last posts on Mounts Taping and Kilian.

On December 25, 1941, the most wretched and cheerless Christmas in the history of Hongkong, the colony capitulates at 7.30 p.m. According to Japanese reports, large stores are captured, including 81 tanks and armored cars, 206 guns, 2,000 trucks, and considerable quantities of other war material. The Japanese claim the British losses to be 2,105 dead and 13,864 prisoners, and 54 war vessels, among which are 2 destroyers, 1 submarine, 9 gunboats, and 38 transports. 2 torpedo boats are captured. But the Japanese do not escape unscathed, their losses being given as 752 dead, 1,800 wounded, 81 planes and 5 warships. 16 Nippon merchantmen are damaged.

### OPERATIONS IN THE PACIFIC

(Compare map on page 85)

Following the first surprise assault on Pearl Harbor which cripples the US Pacific Fleet, and the destruction of the two British battleships off Malaya, the Japanese Navy is master of the largest ocean in the world. With the exception of a few submarines, there is little evidence of any planned opposition on the part of the Anglo-Saxon powers. Japanese attacks throughout the Pacific indicate the extent to which the enemy has suffered from the first blows. A detachment of Japanese marines occupies Agaña, capital of Guam, during the first few days of fighting, takes the port of Apra, where an American navy tanker of 3,000 tons is captured, and gains complete control by December 12. 442 officers and men

are taken prisoner. Defense works under construction were to be ready by the spring of 1942, but they will henceforth serve a new master.

On December 17 the Japanese Navy is reported as shelling the islands of Maui and Kauai, belonging to the Hawaiian group, as well as Johnston and Baker Islands. Wake Island, bombed during the first few days of the war, is again attacked, and in the stormy night of December 22 a strong landing party sets foot on the coral reef sheltering the lagoon. American marines are defending the island, but they have no air support as their aircraft have been destroyed within the first five seconds of the attack, and by 10.30 p.m. the following evening Wake is in Japanese hands. 1,400 of the defenders are taken prisoner. Another link in the chain of American bases across the Pacific has thus been knocked out, while Nippon gains a new naval and air base far to the east.

A few days later the Gilbert group lying to the southeast of the Japanese Marshall Islands is occupied by Japan, and naval attacks directed against Maui and Johnston Islands result in the destruction of plane hangars and radio stations. On December 31 the ports of Hilo on Hawaii, Kahului on Maui, and Nawiliwili on Kauai are bombarded from the sea. One US warship lying in Hilo harbor is damaged. Rabaul in New Guinea experiences repeated air raids, and on January 8 the American airplane tender *Langley* is torpedoed and sunk southwest of Johnston Island. Nor does the American naval base of Tutuila on Samoa escape attack. Japan retains the initiative, and Washington is forced to take protective measures along the West Coast. Warnings are sounded against hostile submarine raiders which may infest the waters off Alaska and the coast further to the southeast. On January 12 the *Lexington*, a large American aircraft carrier, is torpedoed and sunk west of Hawaii.

Succour and reinforcements for Manila and the Philippines, for Singapore and Malaya? Shattered are the dreams of

a time which seems so long ago, and yet the war in the Pacific is less than two months old.

### THE PHILIPPINES

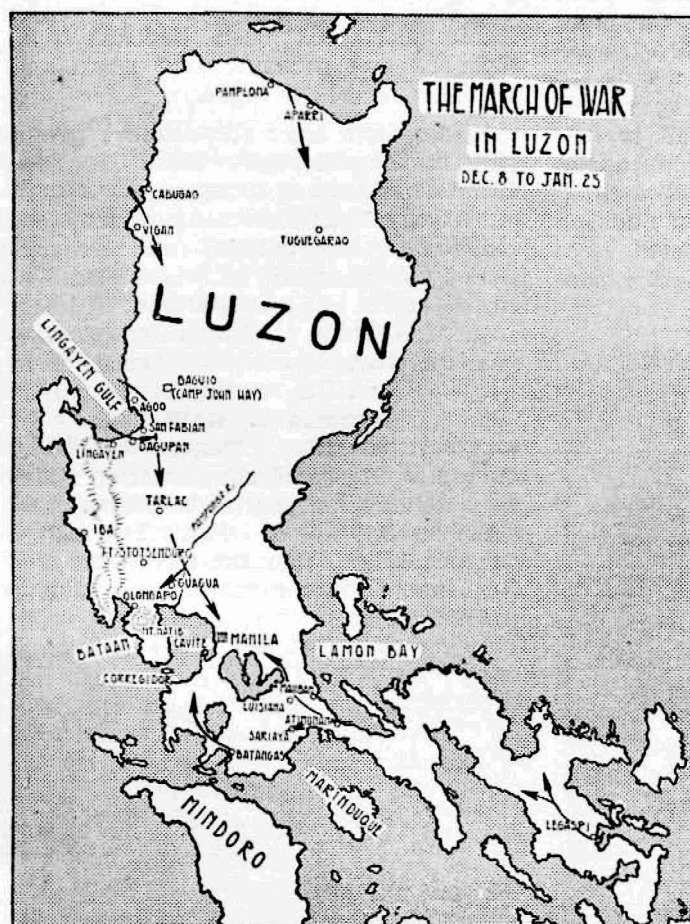
When the Japanese first land in northern and northwestern Luzon, they still seem far away to the inhabitants of Manila, and even the first bombs dropping on airfields around the capital and on the naval base of Cavite do not shake the people, although numerous American planes are destroyed. The two British battleships have not yet been sunk, and General Douglas MacArthur still appears buoyantly optimistic. But on December 11 the enemy forces make a landing on southern Luzon near Legaspi, and this news has a more sinister ring.

The American army in the Philippines, numerically not too strong, must divide its strength, and the garrisons scattered over the island cannot be concentrated to meet the hostile landing corps. Gradually they are forced to give way to the invaders, who succeed in capturing and establishing air bases and in gaining air supremacy. Raids become more frequent every day, and their objectives include military and naval establishments on Luzon, Panay, Cebu, and Mindanao.

At daybreak on December 20 another landing is effected near Davao in Mindanao, where American troops offer stubborn resistance. Two days later a convoy of 80 transports appears off Lingayen Bay, and, overcoming American resistance, the Japanese establish

bridgeheads at various points along the bay, where they disembark a major army estimated at about 50,000 men. Tanks and heavy artillery are brought ashore. A bloody battle rages near Agoo. Furious land and air attacks are launched from Dagupan on San Fabian. The drives on Manila gain momentum on all fronts.

Meanwhile the first fatal blow is struck when Davao, main port and capital of Mindanao, is occupied. On December 24 further landings are made on the east coast of Luzon, at Lamun Bay near Atimonan, 75 miles from Manila, and reinforcements follow a few days later. The forces advancing from Aparri have now reached Tuguegarao. Fighting increases in vehemence, with opposing tank columns battling southeast of Manila. The air is filled with the roar of planes and the explosions of bombs. When Japanese vanguards reach Luisiana,



Map II



18 miles west of Mauban, and Sariaya, 28 miles west of Atimonan, the American authorities declare Manila an open city. But this one-sided declaration is not accepted by Japan. President Quezon and US High Commissioner Sayre leave for an undisclosed destination. New troop disembarkations are reported.

In the Lingayen sector the American lines are re-established only 35 miles from Manila, while the Nippon forces advancing from Batangas in southern Luzon are only 45 miles from the capital. Organized resistance becomes more and more difficult, and at last General MacArthur has no option but to evacuate Manila and Cavite. His troops retreat to Bataan Peninsula and to Corregidor, where they will make their last stand. Manila is occupied by the victorious soldiers of Nippon. But the fighting is not yet over. General MacArthur is not prepared to give up yet, although his forces have been greatly depleted. By January 4, according to Japanese figures, 360 US planes have been shot down or destroyed on the ground, 4 destroyers, 7 submarines, and 5 other units have been sunk, 2 auxiliaries and 30 merchantmen have sustained heavy damage, while 7 vessels have been slightly damaged.

A few days later the northern part of Bataan is at the mercy of the Japanese who unremittingly attack the remnants of the American army from the air, while their land forces push forward beyond Guagua. Although the defenders succeed in taking up new positions flanked by the Pampanga River on the right and the Cabusilan Mountains on the left wing, they cannot hold them for long. On January 10 at 10 a.m. the second and last American naval base in the Philippines falls: Olongapo is occupied. General MacArthur's forces numbering approximately 50,000 men are now cordoned off by land. They entrench themselves at Mt. Natib (4,270 feet) in central Bataan, and along the coast. Against relentless Nipponese attacks they fight a losing battle, while air raids on Corregidor continue with unabated

fury so as to make troop evacuations difficult if not impossible.

After landing additional reinforcements in Subig Bay, the Japanese press back the trapped American forces from all sides and push beyond Moron on the west coast of Bataan. The defenders lose their strong positions at the foot of Mt. Natib, and the fortified town of Balanga. The island of Jolo, belonging to the Philippines and controlling the straits between this archipelago and Borneo, is captured by Japanese naval forces.

### MALAYA

For weeks Singapore, much-vaunted fortress, naval base, and gateway to the most brilliant jewel in the British crown, India, to the abundant riches of the Dutch Empire, and to the China coast, has been blacked out. Troops are arriving from Australia, from India, and the mightiest battleship of the British Navy, the *Prince of Wales*, together with the battlecruiser *Repulse* and other units, have been dispatched from home waters to protect this pivot of Pacific defense. Anglo-American politicians, journalists, and generals have never tired of repeating that Singapore is impregnable and inaccessible. The rubber and tin magnates in Singapore and Penang are unperturbed. They take it as a matter of course that nothing can possibly imperil the Malayan position. They are all for President Roosevelt, for bluffing Japan into submission, and for selling their goods on a boom market. The United States is an insatiable buyer these days, and Singapore is wallowing in gold dollars.

News of the outbreak of the Pacific war and of the Hawaiian disaster does not cause any sort of panic in Singapore. Rather are the people there confirmed in their sentiments of condescension which they always harbor towards their cousins across the sea. What these Americans need is a good British admiral.

Nipponese landings in southern Thailand and on the northeastern tip of



Map III

Malaya? Well, the Japanese ought to know better! Isn't there impenetrable jungle, aren't there myriads of mosquitoes, aren't there adders, crocodiles, scorpions, mountains, rivers? Mr. Higginbottom knows, he has been on big game hunts and has been comfortable enough—but a whole army? He smiles over a bit of inside information he got from a chap in the know: last night the battle fleet steamed out. The Japanese may have landed, but they won't get reinforcements and supplies. The British Far Eastern Fleet will see to that!

Then the incredible thing happens: after an engagement lasting a few hours, the two battleships are sunk by Japanese air torpedoes and bombs. What is going to stop the Japanese now?

The airfield south of Kota Bharu is taken by the enemy, while the forces which had disembarked in southern Thailand are making rapid progress in

Kedah (a state in north-western Malaya) towards Penang. Air raids shake this important port and other places in the peninsula, and additional landings in Malaya are reported. One week after the beginning of the war, Britons and Americans are evacuated from Penang, while the enemy is unloading tanks and armored cars at will. The British forces which have retreated south of the Krian River cannot hold their positions against the violent Japanese attacks. Penang and the province of Wellesley are given up, and by the evening of December 19 Penang Island is completely occupied by the enemy. In spite of resolute resistance by the British, the advance continues into Perak, while the Sultan of Kelantan, whose territory has meanwhile fallen to the

invaders, pleads for Japanese protection.

The defenders fall back on the Popham Line, which military experts consider strong enough to hold out for three months. Mainstay of the line is Kuala Kangsar, the tin center near Ipoh, but the withdrawal of the Australians and Indians from Kelantan exposes its flank. On December 27 the Japanese reach the line, and, in a swift movement, penetrate it. They take Ipoh and Batu Gajah in their stride, hotly pursuing the British who attempt to cling to the southern bank of the Perak River. Meanwhile the Japanese column advancing along the eastern coast of the peninsula through wild jungle territory is pushing forward relentlessly, and by 10.20 a.m. on December 31 the important bulwark of Kuantan and its airdrome are taken.

On New Year's Day a general offensive in western Malaya is begun, which results in the crossing of the Perak River and the capture of an im-

portant key position. The greater part of the 8th Australian Division is annihilated in the battle. Supplies and reinforcements for the Japanese need no longer be sent over the difficult land route; instead they arrive by sea near Telok Anson, and, as the southward drive continues, at other ports. The Bernam River is crossed. British forces, encircled near the border of Selangor State, desperately but vainly struggle to ward off a foe who is past master in jungle warfare. On the east coast the defenders are compelled to withdraw across the Pahang River. The Nipponese column which is hard on the heels of the retreating enemy along the western railway line is badly mauling an army of some 30,000 men at Slim, in a sanguinary and bitter battle. Forcing the narrow mountain passes on the Perak-Selangor border, a large group is making its way along the coast, while a smaller detachment is landed at Morib south of Klang, pressing towards Kuala Lumpur where it will join hands with the main body. The capital city of Selangor State is evacuated by the defenders after this outflanking movement by Japanese shock troops who attack Kuala Lumpur from the southwest, occupying it on January 11. Klang and Rawang are also taken, while ubiquitous air raids play havoc with British troop concentrations, fortifications, airfields, and other military objectives.

The open plain of Selangor no longer favors the defenders. The Japanese sweep across southern Malaya like a gigantic steamroller. Tampin, Seremban, Sepan, and the important railway junction of Gemas are the stepping-stones in an advance progressing on a wide front. On January 15 Malacca, strategically important port controlling the Straits, is captured by the Japanese, who drive on towards strongly defended positions on the Muar River. After bringing up fresh reinforcements along the west coast they attack and penetrate the British lines. Bridgeheads on the south bank of the river are expanded, and additional troop landings on the enemy's flank force him

to retreat. In the midst of bitter fighting Japanese mechanized detachments drive on south. In Segarang, 10 miles southeast of Batu Pahat, they join hands with fresh units landed there.

Meanwhile another column is moving from Gemas towards central Johore. The eastern column crosses the Pahang River and is mopping up British remnants to the north of it. Temerloh is occupied, and without respite the Japanese vanguards push on towards the Endau region.

On the central front fighting grows more sanguinary when the invaders battle their way beyond Labis and Bekok towards Kluang, while their right wing defeats the British at Yon-peng, where a junction is made with the forces pushing along the west coast. Ayer Hitam, 12 miles southwest of Kluang, also falls to the Japanese, who are now preparing for the final battle for Singapore, the pivot of the Anglo-Saxon position in the Far East.

### BURMA

During the continuous advance in Malaya, possible attacks from the western flank are kept in check by air raids on military objectives in southern Burma, while land troops soon gain control of the Isthmus of Kra, occupying Victoria Point a little over a week after the outbreak of war. Early in January the important airfield of Bocoyim, about 100 miles to the north, is likewise captured. An offensive by way of the Tenasserim region gets under way in mid-January, leading to the fall of Tavoy, 190 miles south of Rangoon, with an important air base. But the Japanese give their adversary no time. Within three days they cover 100 miles in their northward drive, breaking fierce enemy resistance on the Kawkareik pass and occupying the city of Kawkareik, 45 miles southeast of Moulmein. Thailand declares war on Britain and the United States, and a Thai army of 100,000 men now reinforces Nippon's soldiers who are poised to strike towards Moulmein and Rangoon, while the defenders withdraw beyond the Salween River to prepared



positions 100 miles east of Rangoon. The latter meanwhile becomes the target for ever increasing air raids.

### BRITISH NORTH BORNEO

One week after the outbreak of war, at daybreak on December 16, the roar of guns and the disembarkation of Japanese troops at various points in British North Borneo and Sarawak, land of the White Rajah, disrupt the gentle tranquillity of the tropical island. A few days later further landings are carried out in the south-western part of the island. The operations progress rapidly, leading to the occupation of the Miri oil fields which, although damaged, can be repaired within a short time.

On December 24 Kuching, capital of Sarawak, is occupied by the invading forces, while one week later Brunei and the island of Labuan fall. Further landings are made in Weston, 60 miles north of Brunei. Thus another outpost of the Empire falls to the enemy, while the Nipponese gain a new steppingstone towards the south. The oil fields, which in peace time produced close to a million tons, will be a valuable aid towards their war effort. Early in January, 80 of the 100 oil wells in Sarawak are said to be in operation again. New attacks are meanwhile being prepared to gain control over the Dutch part of the island.

### THE EAST INDIES

Air attacks on the far-flung Dutch possessions begin while Japanese operations in British North Borneo are still under way. Military bases in Borneo and Celebes are subjected to severe poundings. The strategic island of Amboina in the Molucca archipelago is bombed, while Rabaul in New Britain, after several previous raids, comes in for intermittent strafings.

On January 11 the first Dutch territory is occupied when Menado, at the northeastern end of Celebes, on the peninsula of Minahassa, falls. Another important Netherlands position and oil center, the island of Tarakan, is captured the next day, thereby giving Japan control over the Celebes Sea. Operations continue systematically, landings being effected on the east coast of Celebes. Kema and Likiepang are taken. The group operating from Menado in the direction of Tondano joins hands with the landing party advancing from Kema. Combined they take the airfield of Kakas.

Air attacks are directed against the Moluccas, New Guinea, and New Britain, where military establishments are destroyed or set on fire. Soon Minahassa on Celebes is completely in the hands of the invaders, while new debarkations are made in western



Map IV

Celebes. From their new advance bases here the Japanese air arm reaches out again, and from now on the Dutch East Indies have no rest. Ternate, important little island off the west coast of Halmahera, as well as Amboina, Kolonedale in the Tomaika Bay in central Celebes, Babo Sorong in New Guinea, Balik Papan on the east coast of Borneo, and various other objectives in the Moluccas together with Tutuila and the Bismarck archipelago, all hear the roar of bombers and the detonations which leave their destructive mark on the military outposts in virgin territory. Western Insulinde also receives its share. The advance in Malaya permits attacks from newly won airfields. Sabang, central Sumatra, Medan, Belawan, and Palembang are raided. While the occupation of Minnahassa on Celebes nears completion, the important southern ports of Macassar and Kendari are bombed, as are Palapo and Kolonedale. The fate of Kendari is sealed when it is occupied by a landing corps. Ternate and Laboeha, islands off the west coast of Halmahera, rock under heavy attacks. Repeated bombardments of Balik Papan, oil center on the east coast of Borneo, prepare the ground for a debarkation, which is effected on January 24. The Dutch have, however, previously destroyed all oil wells and tanks. At the same time Japanese troops advancing from Kuching in Sarawak across the boundary of Dutch Borneo take Pisang.

The air raids on New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, and Bougainville are followed by landings near Rabaul, which falls to the Japanese shortly afterwards, and in Kavieng. They form one arm of a giant pincer aimed at the remaining Dutch possessions and Australia, complementing the Nipponese push on the western wing through Malaya. The Australians, who have sacrificed their men in Libya, Greece, and Crete, find that they are left to themselves to defend a huge area stretching from Burma to Samoa, although their forces hardly suffice to defend Australia proper.

#### SECRET WEAPONS: ORGANIZATION AND CO-ORDINATION

In reviewing the Japanese naval and land operations, the observer is impressed by the brilliant planning and staff work, the precision and *élan* with which the multifarious tasks are carried out by the Nipponese forces. They cover a huge area. Not only do they include Hawaii, Hongkong, and Malaya, the Philippines and Burma, the numerous smaller and larger island bases in the mid- and south Pacific, Borneo and Celebes, but simultaneously attacks are made in various regions in China, while the northern continental boundary must be guarded against a possible Russian move. An impressive achievement, a feat that Washington and London strategists have considered impossible. It looked so easy in their plans to shift reinforcements to any threatened spot, and it was a favorite pastime of journalists to describe just how the Anglo-Saxon powers would send their fleets from Singapore and Hawaii, to, say, Manila, should the flag of the Rising Sun attempt an incursion there. The fact that Japan is waging this war from an insular position into other archipelagoes and into the Asiatic mainland determines the most outstanding feature of the Pacific war: an unprecedented number of troop landings. Unlike Britain who in the past was able to use Allied territory to gain a foothold on the Continent (as in Belgium and France during the Great War) or suffered defeat when met by a resolved defender (as in Gallipoli or Norway), Nippon's forces have proved themselves to be past masters in landing operations. More than two dozen disembarkations have been made, some of them against strong resistance, and the majority at great distances from their home bases. Landings are among the most difficult tasks which face any military command, necessitating as they do secrecy and surprise tactics, co-ordination of all forces on the spot, bravery, and excellent training of the shore parties.

## REVIEWS

### BOOKS

The Chinese in Thailand, by Kenneth Perry Landon. (New York, Institute of Pacific Relations, 1941, 310 pp. Ch. \$20.00)

Landon's book is a comprehensive sociological study in which the author outlines the position of the Chinese in Thailand from various aspects. The historical development of the Thailand of today is only touched upon in so far as it has affected the sociological status of the Chinese within this development. The author is Assistant Professor of Philosophy at Earlham College and has previously published an essay on *Siam in Transition*.

War, famine, and economic pressure in their own country have forced the Chinese to immigrate into Thailand. According to a census of 1937 there are now one million Chinese within the boundaries of this country. The author divides up this number into three main groups: the Chao Chou or Teo Chu, leading in the business life of Bangkok, the Cantonese, mainly bankers, and the people from Fukien, who largely represent the tin and rubber industry. Besides those there are countless little groups from various provinces of China, mostly small tradesmen and skilled artisans, who quickly gained a foothold in a populace by inclination not much interested in the crafts or commercial affairs.

As for the absorption of the Chinese into the Thai body, the author registers a strong assimilation of the Chinese up to 1910. The reason for this was to be found in the small percentage of Chinese women immigrants, which forced the Chinese to marry Thai women. A change took place in the years 1910-1920 and later, when a constant large immigration of Chinese women became the rule. The result of the influx of Chinese women was that all-Chinese households became established again. By examples the author shows how these all-Chinese homes constitute a kind of ghetto in every town and definitely "form an unassimilated lump of aliens at the heart of the commercial life of the Thai nation." The larger the Chinese community became as an economic factor, the less inclination did it show for being absorbed in the Thai stream of life. This in turn has forced the government to take steps to control and lessen the stream of immigrants.

The author is convinced that in spite of their adherence to old customs and traditions

an irresistible change is taking place in the family life of the Thailand Chinese. He characterizes this change as a shift extending from the social to the spiritual sphere and thinks that it has much to do with the altered position of Chinese women, who are acquiring a love of independence and liberty of action. Women can and do own property; many of them run profitable rubber estates or other businesses. They find that their children must be educated. The large family and the clan are weakened, and the small family tends to become the important unit. Through schools on the Occidental pattern, hospitals, newspapers, etc. new ideas of family life are reaching the Chinese.

The greatest transformation is taking place in the realm of the expression of the spirit, religion. Hand in hand with the social and cultural revolution in Chinese religion and ideas goes a Chinese national feeling that has grown during the last thirty years and that can in its intensity almost also be called a religion.

The growth of Chinese nationalism led to complications with the Thai Government. The Kuomintang, which represented the Chinese national movement and which had agents all over the country, was prohibited. When a strong anti-Japanese propaganda set in among the Chinese at the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict, the Thai Government pulled the reins even tighter. Ten of the eleven Chinese newspapers were suspended. Influential Chinese were arrested for "remitting funds to China." According to a statistical investigation on the part of the author a sum of US\$2,400,000 for the support of the Chiang Kai-shek Government was raised among the Chinese in the few months between November 1938 and April 1939. This is no small sum compared to Thailand's annual national budget, and it is understandable why the Thais objected so strenuously.

Kenneth Perry Landon's book vividly describes the drama being played out between two originally cognate races, the Thai and the Chinese. In ancient times the Thais chose to move south, away from Chinese pressure. This they can no longer do, and they are making a final stand in their centuries-old contest. And they are apparently devising a means of coping with the Chinese and maintaining Thai supremacy in the Thai national home.—O.



# MAGAZINES

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE MAGAZINES

### Myths

Folklore is the topic of Yutaka Nakada's well-written article on "Myths and Legends in Japan and the South Seas," published in *Contemporary Japan* (November). The author is a defender of the theory that all the myths of mankind have spread outward from several centers, as opposed to the theory of spontaneous generation among the various tribes. This latter school holds that the resemblance between legends is merely due to the similarity of mental processes. Mr. Nakada proves his point by elucidating the affinity of myths and legends between Japan and the South Sea islands. To cite one example: the story is told in Japan of the hare who wanted to cross a river and cunningly induced the crocodiles to form a row from bank to bank so that he could count their number by stepping over them. A similar story is told among the Indonesians where the place of the hare is taken by a mouse-deer. Papua and New Guinea tribesmen know the story too, with only slight variations. It has probably traveled from south to north, the theory of spontaneous generation being quite unacceptable as there have never been any crocodiles in Japan. There are many more myths and legends related in this article, which makes it most entertaining reading.

### Faith and History

Nostradamus, prophet and physician, is one of those figures in history that will never cease to compel interest and that will always return to prominence in times of stress, just as is now the case. For in troubled times everybody wonders what the future has in store, and many turn to Nostradamus for an answer. His prophecies are hidden away in poems of a very involved language and allow of many interpretations. Carlos Lubeck, in "Nostradamus—True Prophet or False?" in the December issue of the *Catholic Review*, concerns himself with the life of this remarkable man, who was born in France in 1533 and died in 1566 after having correctly predicted his own end.

While the dates of Nostradamus' life are all known and his personality comparatively easy to reconstruct, there is much room left for speculation in the case of the Magi, over whose identity Thomas D. Carroll, S.J., reflects in "Who Were The Magi?" in the same issue of the *Catholic Review*. After pointing out that their names and number were pure

invention, the writer examines the question of their nationalities, his only guide being St. Matthew's mention that they came from the east and that they were called "Magi." Both these facts indicate the possibility that they were priests of the Zoroastrian religion. Now Zoroastrianism is the cult of one true god and contains prophecies of a savior, thus resembling the Jewish faith, so that there was some cause for the priests to expect the arrival of Christ. There is, however, no explanation of the star or whatever else it was that led the Magi at just that time to just that place—Bethlehem. We shall never know.

### Communications

In the December issue of *Asiana* we read of the fascinating plan of a new railway line through Central Asia connecting Berlin and Tokyo. This project is the outcome of a meeting of the Society of Inquiry into the Central Asia Railway. Although it has long been recognized that a second trans-hemispheric railway is needed, it took the closure of the Siberian railway as a result of the war to shift this problem into the limelight. The idea is to connect Paotow in Inner Mongolia with Bagdad, as Bagdad/Berlin and Paotow/Tokyo railway connections already exist. A map attached to this article shows the proposed route. There are, of course, apart from geographical obstacles, political complications, which will make a completion of the work impossible in countries now under British or Russian control.

The same magazine, which, as usual, contains many interesting items and an excellent selection of photographs, has another article on Central Asia communications. It describes the reconstruction of a highway connecting Russia with India via Baluchistan and Eastern Iran. The road when completed is to carry supplies of war materials to Russia.

### Theaters of War

An article on the Philippines published in the December issue of *The Globe* is very timely, appearing as it does at a time when the eyes of the world are turning towards these islands, now one of the centers of fighting in the Pacific war. According to this article, the islands have a population of about 15,000,000, eighty per cent of which are engaged in agriculture. Although only a small section of all arable land is under cultivation, agriculture enjoys most favorable

conditions in these islands, which boast of a fertile soil, a good climate, and a well-developed net of communications. The main crops are rice, maize, tobacco, and sugar. As for mineral resources, gold and iron head a sizeable list, while oil is also found in various places. This article is complemented by two interesting maps, showing the locations of agricultural and mining centers.

Turning to another war theater, we hear of the Dutch East Indies' defense measures, again in the December issue of *Asiana*. How far the Dutch claim to invincibility is justified, only the hour of trial will reveal. Meanwhile it is interesting to keep in mind some of the points of their defense program. Surabaya, this report states, is being fortified in great haste, new naval craft are under construction, and old vessels are being armed. The island of Madura houses powder and ammunition plants, all situated underground as a protection against aerial attacks. In the docks, modern submarines lie waiting, and floating dry docks are being built which are supposed to do double duty by docking flying boats and berthing motor torpedo boats. As to aerial warfare, US\$500,000,000 worth of warplanes have been ordered in the USA—which may or may not arrive in these parts.

### China

In his "China, United or Disunited" in *Contemporary Japan* (November), Tsuneo Yonayama divides the problem into two questions, that of internal and external peace. Internal peace, he claims, cannot be separated from China's unification. This in turn would mean the settling of her external issues, thus establishing the general peace between China and Japan which is such an important factor in building a firm basis for the East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. From the lessons of Chinese history, the author deduces that unification can only be achieved by force of arms. After giving reasons why neither Chiang Kai-shek nor Wang Ching-wei nor a National Assembly could at present bring about this unification, he pins his faith on a solution by regional peace.

Chen Kung-po reveals the Chinese point of view on the prerequisites for peace in his article "What I Expect of Japan" in *The People's Tribune* (December). His first request is the understanding of China's policies which in the past must have often seemed insincere, due to suspicion and fear. Secondly he pleads for understanding of the Chinese mentality and warns people not to regard China as a disconnected jumble of peoples and states. He says that in spite of lack of nationalism "the traditional sentiment of 'Great Union' has already existed for thousands of years." The political opinions of North and South are basically the same. Thirdly the author em-

phasizes the importance of China's national existence. A free China may be Japan's friend, but, should she cease to exist as such, she would be a well-nigh unbearable burden. The fourth point is the request that Japan, well advanced on the road of progress, may lend a helping hand to slower China.

China's political constitution is the subject of an essay by Jacques Brissac in the December issue of *La Revue Nationale Chinoise*. Tracing the history of the Kuomintang, he finds a revolutionary party mainly supported by Chinese abroad, the first exponents of this party being, with some measure of justification, likened to the reformers of the Meiji period in Japan. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the founder of the party, divided Chinese society into three classes, the mandarins, the Kuomintang, and the masses. The mandarins dream of past glories, he said, and the masses do not take an active part in political life, so his group of political elite had to lead the way to realization of his political program. In contrast to Europe, neither the founder of the Kuomintang nor his followers has ever envisaged it as a party of the masses. So, in answer to the question whether China is a democratic country or an authoritarian state, the author finds that China is an *oligarchie spirituelle*.

### Manchukuo and Mongolia

"Eighth Concordia Convention" in the November issue of *Manchuria* describes the assembly of this unusual association, a permanent organization acting in unison with the government, embodying national unity and entrusted with the mission of promoting the rule of *Wang-tao*. Its membership includes government officials and citizens, the former occupying all leading positions in the organization.

Lastly some news on "Commercial Development in Inner Mongolia" from the *Far Eastern Review*, the essence of which is that "Mengchiang is being developed so that it can contribute its quota as a member of the East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." This program has been enforced by means of investments of the Mongolian Government and Japan with the "special" corporations as central factor. Prior to the China incident both commerce and industry in this area had remained at a very primitive level, offering a hotbed for the profiteering activities of Chinese merchants from Peking and Tientsin. Because the program of development had to be pushed with haste following the Japanese occupation, the major efforts have thus far been directed toward the exploitation of mineral resources. But it has now become necessary to promote other industries as well, by a new formula suited to the changed conditions. If these industries are developed according to plan, they will ensure economic independence for Inner Mongolia.—G.

## JAPANESE MAGAZINES

### *Reds in White*

In discussing the German-Soviet war, "General Winter" is much in evidence in the December issues of Japanese magazines. Here is the opinion of a specialist, S. Mori, in *Jikyoku Joho*: "In spite of a little news here and there telling of small-scale German and Finnish actions on the northern front, it is a fact that this whole front is firmly held by the Red Army. Leningrad is also firmly in the grip of its regular and citizen troops. In other words the situation there is the same as two months ago. Although the German Army had, in conspicuous style, smashed the Stalin Line and made repeated attacks on Moscow, the fall of this Red Troy is not yet forthcoming. At the same time, the German successes in the south of Russia are great indeed. With the exception of the Don Basin, the entire Ukraine is in German hands. Leningrad, however, is surrounded by deep forests, so that supplies could not be totally cut off. . . . The onset of winter is equally dangerous to both warring sides, but is felt more by the Germans, whose motorized columns must be immobilized by the freezing cold. The Russians are now reaping the fruits of their insistence on cavalry and ski troops. But the remaining Soviet industry is so weak that it can supply guerrilla actions only; it is certainly *hors de combat* as far as large-scale military action is concerned."

### *Reds in Fastnesses*

Yahei Oba has laid aside his general's uniform and become instead a well-known writer with an output far above the average in quantity. He is an adviser to the *Osaka Mainichi*, being at the same time an authority on classical Chinese military philosophy. In *Nippon Hyoron* he writes about problems which would have puzzled old Sun-tzu: "On October 2 Germany, with two million men, started the general drive on Moscow on a front of 400 kilometers, but owing to bad weather and the strong resistance of the Red Army the battle wavered to and fro. The incredible resistance of a Bolshevik host that hitherto had been invariably beaten is explained by the political and strategic consequences should Moscow fall. Stalin wants the Germans to toe the line Moscow-Rostov. . . . The Red Army has the advantage of being able to make use of the fortifications behind Moscow. After the great losses sustained by the proletarian fighting forces, their successful resistance so far can only be understood as a result of modern fortifications and land mines. By furiously counterattacking, the Communist war machine is piling new losses

on its old ones, and the German Army will take advantage of these reckless sacrifices after spring has set in. As Germany is out completely to destroy the Red military power, the challenging attitude adopted by the proletarian *brigades de choc* complies exactly with what the Germans are after. So in spite of the delay in the general advance of the swastika'd juggernaut, the *potentiel d'attaque* of the German armies should not be underrated. Germany seems to estimate the remaining strength of her world-revolutionary adversary as consisting of 100 divisions all told; if she succeeds in destroying, by a war of attrition, fifty of these divisions around Moscow, she can easily deal with the rest by destroying them one by one. But will Hitler, after all, insist on a speedy attack on Moscow? He recalls that the repeatedly frustrated attacks on Verdun were the principal reason for the German defeat in the last world war. So it is possible that the Führer, with a wise shake of the head, will shift the scene of battle to the south."

### *Nikolaievskia*

Japan's policy has found its most significant expression in the term *Toa-Kyoeiken* (East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere) and in the more poetic *Hakko-Ichiu* (the people from the eight corners of the world living together under one roof). An essential part of this program is the settlement of Japanese farmers in Manchukuo. This "New Earth," where Chinese, Mongols, Manchus, and Japanese live peaceably together, might well be called the "melting-pot of the Far East." Japan intends to settle one million families in Manchukuo in four periods of five years each. Already 100,000 have emigrated during the last five years, and 220,000 more are going to leave Japan by 1946. These farmers know their task will not be an easy one, but their work on the rich Manchurian soil is of the utmost importance to Japan. The fact that Japan is ready to learn from the experience of other nations is shown by the interesting article on Nikolaievskia by Major-General Yuasa in *Bungei Shunju*, one of the high officials in the Manchukuo Government. In Nikolaievskia Russian settlers have created, with only thirty-six cows, twenty-two horses, and no cash at all, a small village which will soon be at least self-sufficient. Since April 1941, when the enterprise was started, these people have proved what can be done by hard work and indomitable energy. The writer concludes with admiration: "This village is the expression of the spirit which creates a



new order of human society and is a lesson for us Japanese."

### No Encircling Gloom

The encircling gloom of the "ABCD Line" does not exist for S. Matsubara who, in *Nippon Hyoron*, unfolds a beatific vision, "Dream of Southern Lands," of how things will stand in the South Pacific in the fullness of time: "Marvellous things are to be had in the countries of the Southern Pacific.... There is teak wood, rubber, oil.... The seas are swarming with fish and crabs.... The Japanese language is spreading everywhere so that we do not need to learn the idioms of the natives.... All the riches of the earth are concentrated in the hands of the white men; we must win back, through fighting, the treasures of the gods and, by tearing them from the robbers' hands, restore them to mankind.... At that time there will be few houses in Japan that have not sent two or three of their sons into the lands of the South. He who today receives letters from his sons at Saigon will get a present from his daughter at Singapore tomorrow. In the evening the oldest son will be heard broadcasting from Batavia and, the next morning, son number two will be heard from Melbourne.... Fortunately in our schools the right relationship between human beings is taught, which is the basis of every colonial policy. As Japanese culture and law are highly developed, the contact with other races will be governed by respect and kindness. Not through British or Dutch but purely Japanese methods the 'Third Japan' will be firmly established in the Southern Seas."

### Struggling Samurai

S. Okuno, in *Kaizo*, adds a new touch to the vogue of analyzing Hitler's *My Struggle* in magazines and pamphlets by comparing it with an old Japanese book, the *Hagakure*, a collection of maxims by the samurai Yamamoto Tsunetomo who served the Daimyo of Saga, near Nagasaki. This samurai became a Buddhist monk after the death of his overlord because at that time suicide after the death of one's chief had already been forbidden. The maxims of this wistful samurai-priest were brought to paper about 1710 by one of his disciples. "*My Struggle* is the *Hagakure* and the *Hagakure* is *My Struggle*. Both books lay stress on unconditional self-surrender to the country, despise mere knowledge and smile on the cautious bourgeois attitude, praising instead courage and daring recklessness as high virtues. Both books constitute an attack of idealism on materialism."

### What Sacrifice?

The words "sacrifice" and "unnecessary expense" are never so frequently heard as in war time, and the question usually arises, "Where are the limits? What is really necessary and what is not?" Two essays in *Kaizo* review this problem from different angles.

N. Okuma discovers interesting relations between the new conception of life and the meaning of "sacrifice." Two features are characteristic of our new conception of life: we are part and parcel of the state, and, secondly, our notions are more constructive and logical than they have ever been in the past. "When we say we will complete our system of defense by sacrificing part of our national life, what part of our life is really the one that has to be thrown overboard? Is it financial extravagance, irresponsibility, and decadence, or is it life itself, spirit, and talent? By sacrificing the latter the state will suffer, but in the former case it is only our habits which are hurt. Therefore it is important to draw a clear line between the two meanings of the term 'sacrifice in war time.'" N. Nakajima, on the other hand, thinks that modern Japan sometimes makes the mistake of neglecting cultural movements and even pleasures. "There are limits to everything and man has to relax, especially during a war. It would be a great mistake to put the screw on all pleasure. I would even say that the people absolutely need pleasure, but it should be animated by a healthy spirit, like, for instance, Germany's 'Strength through Joy' movement."

### Prejudice Must Go

"The perfection of our Defense State System requires one fundamental condition, namely that the whole nation be united in one organization which gives everybody the possibility of fulfilling his duties as a subject of the Emperor," says H. Shimomura in an article entitled "Obstruction of our National Organization" in *Bungei Shunju*. "But Japan is still far from this ideal state of things. There are cases where a certain part of the nation has been excluded from this organization" . . . and "there are *Tonarigumi* (neighborhood-associations) where a certain group of people has been excluded and compelled to enter another association where people of the same group live." This "certain group" stands for the so-called "New Citizens" who received their name at the time of the Meiji Restoration. They are also known as *Etas* and their origin is rather obscure, but they are supposed to be descendants of people who had the formerly defiling tasks of killing animals or tanning hides. As Japan has been a Buddhist country for more than a thousand years, these outcasts lived "under the shadow of death" from generation to generation, and only the abolition of the old feudal system has finally changed their condition. Hardly seventy years separate modern Japan from the feudal age and its class distinctions. It is therefore only natural that this prejudice should still exist here and there. But modern Japan does not tolerate anything that might tend to hamper the development of its national unity. The writer ends with the courageous words: "There is nothing worse and nothing more obstinate than evil customs of olden times. We have to examine ourselves and do our part in stamping out such evils."—P.

## ON THE SCREEN

### *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*

A Columbia Picture. In the leading parts: Joe Pendleton (Robert Montgomery), Bette Logan (Evelyn Keyes), Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains), Julia Farnsworth (Rita Johnson), Messenger 7013 (Edward Everett Horton), Max Corkle (James Gleason).

A film with a new idea! That in itself is good news, but—unfortunately—all too rare. Those who are tired of seeing the same half dozen plots and triangles, shown time and again in the productions of Hollywood, will be relieved to find something finally that is different—and, what is more—has some deeper meaning.

The plot, to be sure, is a little complicated, but so smoothly presented that its unfolding seems perfectly natural. Joe Pendleton who is heading for the boxing championship loses control over his plane while on his way to the fight. Assuming that his death is inevitable, Heavenly Messenger No. 7013 snatches Joe's soul from his body just before the crash. In this the Heavenly Messenger makes a serious mistake for it was not yet in the books for Joe to die. As a matter of fact, he has still fifty years to go and would somehow have saved himself had it not been for overzealous No. 7013. The mistake is discovered when Joe is delivered to the Heavenly Express which transports people to their final destination. Joe's name can't be found on the registered list of out-bound passengers. Therefore Mr. Jordan, chief dispatcher for the Express, returns with Joe to earth in search of a body, for Joe stubbornly insists that he must get a body as good as his old one; he still wants the championship. He turns down hundreds of bodies which Mr. Jordan offers him, and it is only in order to help beautiful Bette Logan that he is persuaded to move into the freshly murdered body of millionaire Farnsworth. In love with Bette and training again for the championship, Joe—as Farnsworth—just begins to get used to his new body when he has to leave it at the second and final murder of Farnsworth. But Mr. Jordan is still on the job. During the fight between Murdock, the challenger, and Gilbert, the champion, Murdock is shot by a gambler. Before anyone realizes what has happened Joe moves into Murdock's body and wins the fight. Now Mr. Jordan sees his task accomplished, for Joe is back in a fighter's body that suits his soul, and he causes Joe to forget about Joe and to become Murdock in every respect. Then Joe Murdock meets Bette. They are immediately attracted, for Bette had loved Joe's soul while it was in the shape of Farnsworth and loves it still even though it has now moved into Murdock's body.

The actors' performances are good. Joe Pendleton is played convincingly as a straight good-natured chap who knows what he wants. Mr. Jordan is superior, helpful, and serene. Messenger No. 7013 brings comic relief, as does Max Corkle.

The film has many a meaning to those who follow its content: we live our lives according to pre-arranged laws, within the limits of which, however, we have a certain amount of freedom. What is really important is the soul, and the body in which it is clothed is only incidental. During the period from the moment of his near-crash to his becoming Murdock, Joe knew more than was good for him about the secrets of the hereafter, and making him forget this knowledge was the kindest thing Mr. Jordan could have done for him.

We are hoping that among the films which reached this side of the Pacific before the outbreak of the war there are a few more of this caliber. If not, one good consequence may be that we shall see more Chinese movies, which are becoming increasingly better, especially if they could run English subtitles for us.—M.

### *Aloma of the South Seas*

A Paramount Picture. In the leading parts: Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Lynne Overman, Katharine de Mille, Philip Reed, Fritz Leiber.

Whenever the South Sea islands are mentioned these days it is in connection with defense measures, bombing attacks, or naval landings. It is therefore an agreeable change to find that, at least in the movies, they still exist in all their old glamour, although even the South Sea bliss of *Aloma* is disturbed by the chatter of a machine gun.

There is nothing much to say for the plot which is only distinguished by its lack of originality. As for the actors, we are pleased to report that Dorothy Lamour's sarongs are as brief and snugly fitting as ever. Jon Hall is supposed to represent a South Sea prince who has been to Harvard. We have never known a South Sea prince, but we have known Harvard men. Mr. Hall is not like a Harvard man.

But who wants too see good acting or an intelligent plot in a picture like this? It has magnificent settings, enhanced by excellent color photography, lovely music, and a grand climax, provided by the joint efforts of a volcano in eruption and a machine gun. The eruption of the volcano is spectacularly done, and if the eruptions of Matupi, mentioned in our article on New Guinea in this issue, are anything like it we are glad not to be in Rabaul.

*Aloma* is a feast for the eyes though not for the brain.—V.

## DOCUMENTS

*The "War of Greater East Asia" continued to hold its position of pre-eminent importance in the present world conflict during January 1942. The Japanese Navy seems to have gained complete control of the southwestern Pacific, and we are publishing a Domei summary of Admiral Shigetaro Shimada's speech before the Diet on January 21, 1942, reviewing the successes by which this was achieved:*

The Navy Minister, Admiral Shigetaro Shimada, outlining the Japanese naval operations since the outbreak of the Greater East Asia war at the 79th Diet session today declared that the Japanese Navy virtually commands the Pacific from Malaya and the Dutch East Indies to the West Coast of the United States, and is now closely co-operating with Army land and air forces in assaults against Singapore, the Philippines, Borneo and the Netherlands East Indies.

Admiral Shimada said that the Imperial Navy is engaged in rapidly expanding the scope of operations against enemy war vessels, especially submarines, in Asiatic waters and against United States Pacific strongholds.

Admiral Shimada listed the Navy's successes since the outbreak of the war as follows:

1.—Sunk—battleships, seven; aircraft tenders, two; cruisers, two; destroyers, six; submarines, eighteen; and other warships such as gunboats and minesweepers, twenty-six;

2.—Damaged—battleships, four; seaplane tender, one; destroyers, three.

Commenting on the operations of Japanese undersea-craft, Admiral Shimada revealed that Japanese U-boats operating off United States waters up to date had sunk ten vessels, aggregating 70,000 tons, and heavily damaged three others totalling 30,000 tons, and also partially damaged five vessels aggregating 40,000 tons.

He added that the United States aircraft-carrier *Langley* was sunk on January 8 south-west of Johnston Island, while the aircraft-carrier *Lexington* was destroyed west of Hawaii on the evening of January 12.

Since the outbreak of the war the Japanese Navy had lost four destroyers, four minesweepers, three submarines, four transports, 67 aircraft, while one cruiser was partly damaged, the Navy Minister revealed.

Reviewing Japanese naval operations in the Philippines, Admiral Shimada declared that since the start of the war the Japanese Navy had shot down or destroyed on the ground a total of 336 enemy aircraft, sunk four destroyers, seven submarines and five merchantmen, in addition to damaging many other enemy war vessels including a seaplane tender, while Japanese naval aircraft were now battering the Corregidor fortress in Manila Bay.

Turning to the campaign against enemy islands in the South Pacific, the Navy Minister revealed that in the campaign which led to the capture of Kuching, capital of Sarawak, on December 24, 1941, Japanese naval units sank two enemy submarines, losing one destroyer, one minesweeper and one transport. He revealed for the first time that Jolo, one of the group of islands of the Sulu Archipelago, was captured by the Japanese Navy.

During the Tarakan campaign, he said, the Japanese Navy sank the Netherlands East Indies warship *Prinz van Oranje*, while nine enemy bombers were shot down in the vicinity of Menado. He added that in the operations off Celebes and Borneo, the Japanese Navy had so far accounted for 18 submarines.

Concluding, the Navy Minister said that Japanese naval bombers since December 17 have been inflicting the islands of Maui, Johnston, Palmyra, as well as Rabaul (New Britain) and Tutuila (Samoa) to continuous assaults, destroying wireless facilities and other military objectives.

### A REMINDER . . . .

that there is still time to submit entries for our **Second Photo Contest** on the subject of "**Mongolia.**" First prize wins Ch. \$300.00, second prize Ch. \$200.00, third prize Ch. \$100.00.

Closing date for entries: March 5, 1942.

(For details please refer to our January issue.)